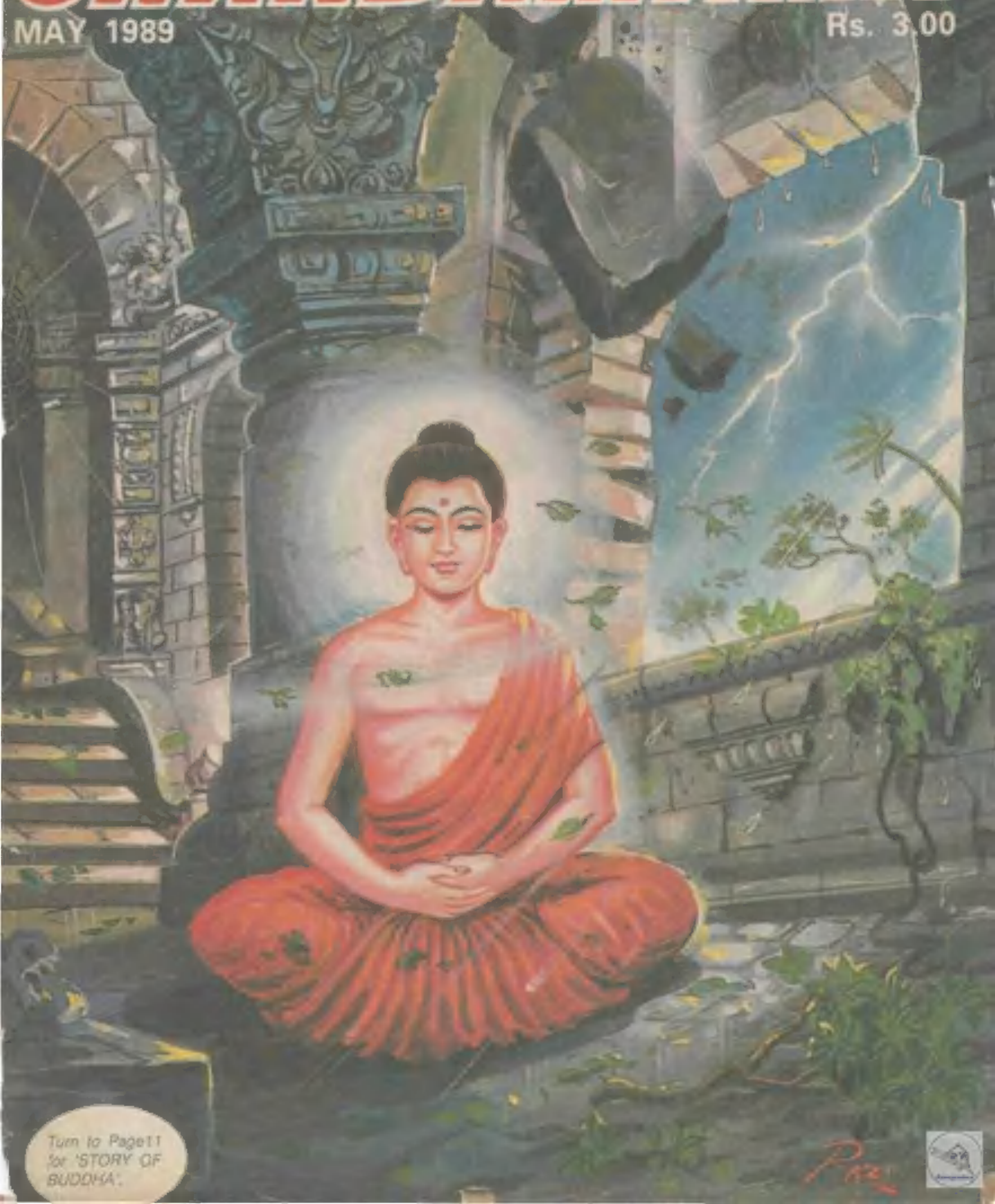


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PARRY'S



Fig. 3

How about some Paper Dancing?!

Here is a dance show with a difference. All you have to do is draw little characters (about 9 cm in height); but make sure the characters have no legs (see fig 1). Once you have drawn the characters, colour them and cut them to shape. Carefully cut out holes for where the legs should be (see fig 2). Then, push your first and second fingers through the holes (see fig 3) and make one character dance with your left hand fingers and another dance with your right hand fingers. You could also get your friends to make dancing paper people and then have a dance competition!



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

CUT AND KEEP

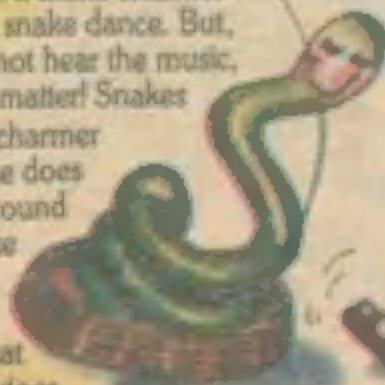
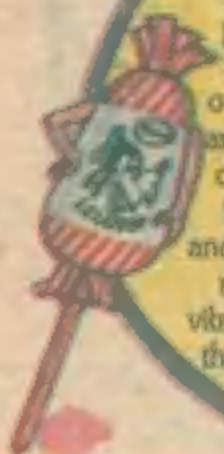


PAGE

Parrys
Sweets
&
Biscuits
Everyone
loves

How to charm a snake

You have probably seen a snake charmer play music and make a snake dance. But, the fact is, a snake cannot hear the music, or anything else for that matter! Snakes are deaf! When a snake charmer charms a snake, what he does is tap his foot on the ground and sway about. The snake moves in time to the vibrations and matches the charmer so closely that it sways just as he does.



Birthday news: Did you know that each one of us share our birthdays with approximately nine million other people around the world? So next time it is your birthday, just think, 9 million others are celebrating theirs too!

Hey presto! It's pencil magic!

Put some water in a large glass. Place a pencil behind the glass, and when you look through the water you will see something curious—suddenly there are two pencils. If you close your right eye,

the left pencil will disappear, and the opposite will happen when you close your left eye — the right pencil will disappear.

This is caused by the refraction of light. You may have learnt about refraction in Physics. Very simply it is the change of direction of light rays when they pass through something like water, glass etc. Interesting, isn't it?

Now you can tell your friends that you are a magician!



THE KING OF SWEETS

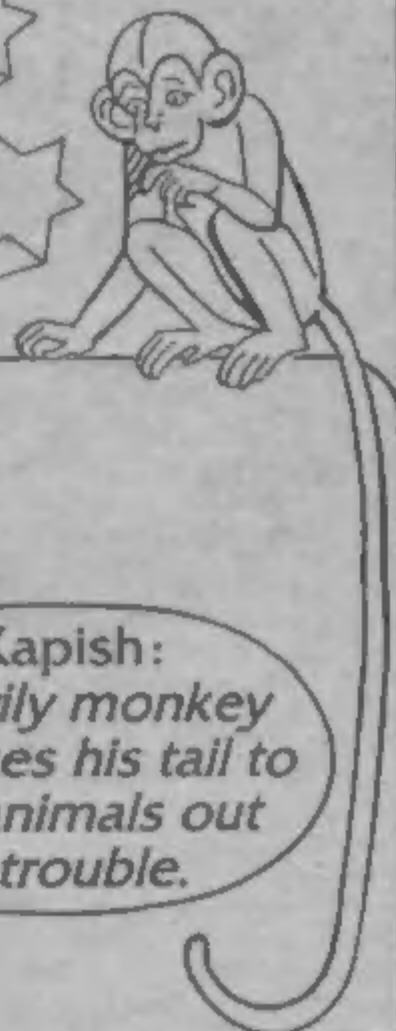




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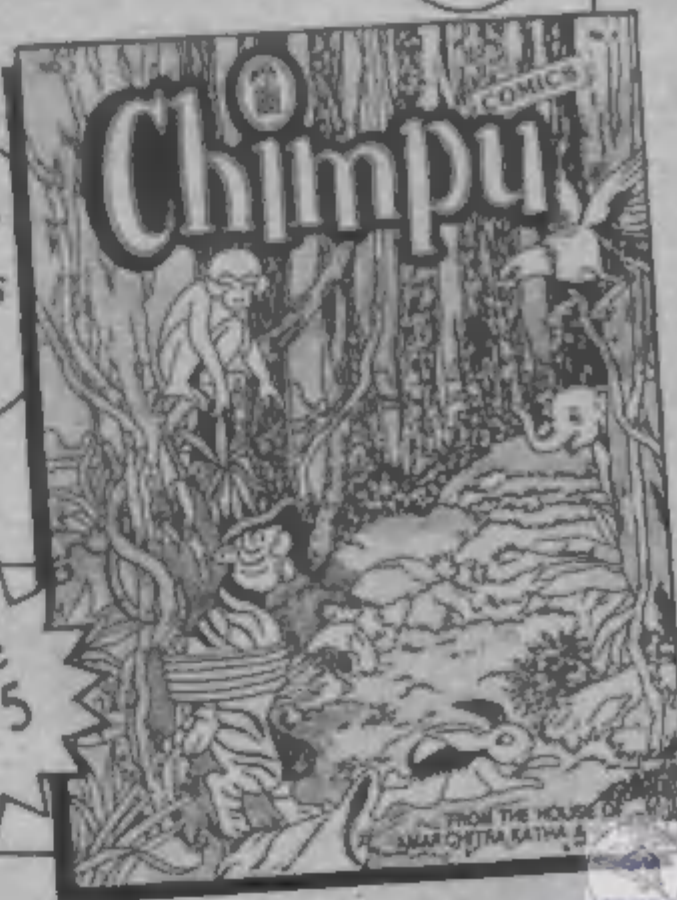


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* Birbal saves an astrologer from Akbar's wrath—an amusing anecdote through pictures.

* Jawaharlal has a memorable visit to Europe.

* A bunch of interesting stories and all the other regular features.

**GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE**

पदे पदे च रत्नानि योजने रसपूरकाः ।
भाग्यहीना न पश्यन्ति बहुरत्नां वसुन्धराम् ॥

*Pade pade cha ratnani yojane rasapoorakah
Bhagyaheena na pashyanti bahuratnam vasundharam*

Treasures (both material or treasures of knowledge) are lying hidden at every step and promises of joys are hidden here and there. Unlucky are those who do not find the varieties of wealth the earth contains.

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

THE SUMMER VACATION: THEN AND NOW

This editorial-writer has just received a letter from a childhood friend: "The month of May is coming. That reminds me of the summer vacations we had about forty years ago. Do you remember my village which you visited once or twice? There the summer vacation meant being overwhelmed by varieties of ripe mangoes around, branches of ripe datepalm hanging down, large, juicy water-melons in the fields and those numerous berries of different sorts!... But my village is no longer the same. The fields are crowded with new houses; dearth of rain has resulted in less and less fruit."

Much is gone, yet much is there. Those who are in the towns should visit villages instead of other towns during the vacation; those who are in the villages should contribute to retain whatever splendour of the village is still there.

We regret an error:

In the *Treasury of Knowledge* (5) in March '89 issue, Aurangzeb was said to be Shahjahan's youngest son. He was the third son, Murad being the youngest.

Thoughts to be Treasured

"India will be what we are: our thoughts and actions will shape her. If we are big, so will India be, and if we grow little-minded and narrow in outlook, so also will India be."

— Jawaharlal Nehru



NEWS FLASH



THE COSTLIEST WRISTWATCH

Made through nine years of labour by a group of experts, the costliest wristwatch was sold in auction in barely two minutes in Geneva, fetching a price of 2.74 million dollars. The wristwatch had been made to celebrate the 150th year of a watch manufacturing firm.

THE LONGEST CAR

The world's longest car designed in Finland, made its first appearance in Helsinki. The 21.93-metre-car, which broke the record set by a 21-metre Japanese car in January this year, will be listed in the Guinness Book.



THE MEDITATIVE CAT

For the past one year a cat has been visiting a Buddhist shrine in Kuala Lumpur everyday without fail. But that is no news. The news is, it sits down amidst the devotees on its hind legs and joins the forelegs as if offering obeisance to the deity. It keeps sitting like that as long as the devotees meditate.

THE GREATEST HUMORIST

A gentleman of Belgrade named Miruslav Lovic, has created a world record by keeping his audience laughing for 55 hours at a stretch. He never repeated a joke.





STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

(Prince Siddhartha wandering in his quest for peace and true knowledge, reached Rajagriha and met King Bimbisara briefly. The king was curious to know who he was.)

ADVENTURES OF A SEEKER

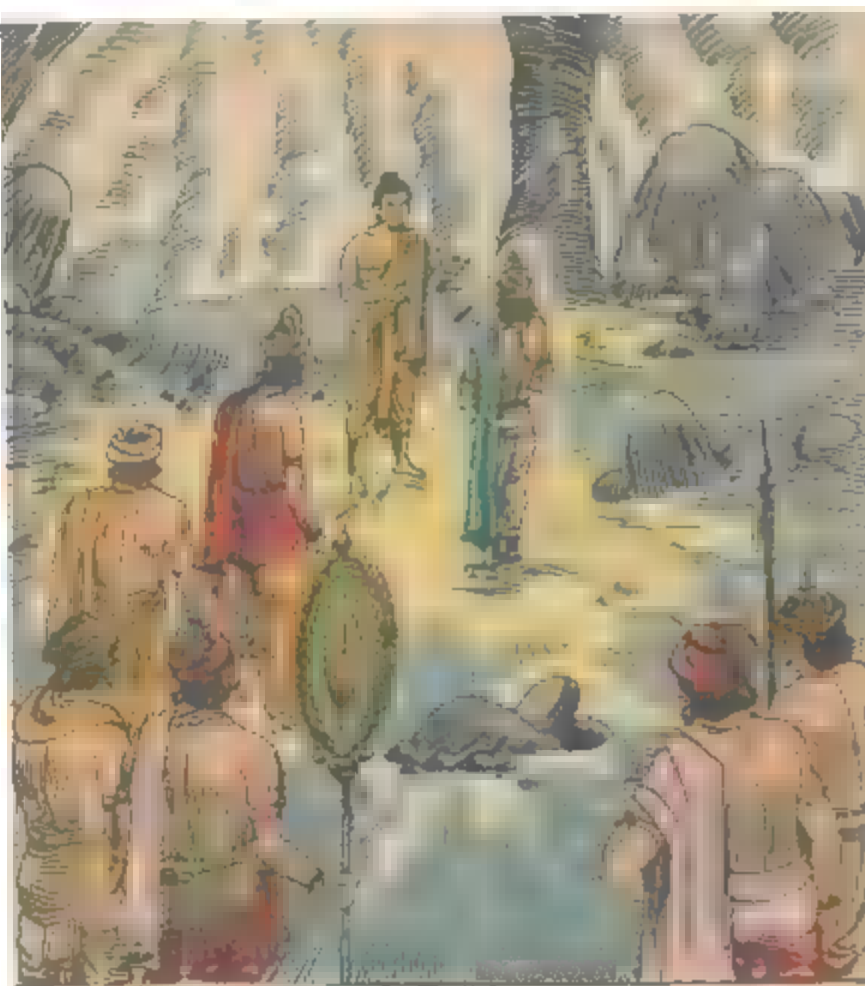
The king's officers began gathering information about the stranger who had so deeply moved their king. If the sudden appearance before him of the young ascetic, carrying a lamb, had surprised him, what his officers reported to him surprised him even more. For, he was told that the ascetic was none

other than the Sakya Prince, Siddhartha.

The king also found out where the ascetic lived. It was in a cave on the outskirts of the town. "How does he pass his time?" he asked the messenger who had spent some time observing Siddhartha.

"My lord, during the two days





he has passed in the cave, he has been observed to sit still, his eyes shut, most of the time," answered the messenger.

"Let us meet him," said the king.

"Can I summon him to the court today?" asked the minister.

"Who are we to summon him? Let us present ourselves before him."

The king's statement shocked his minister and the others who heard it. Bimbisara was a mighty king whom people respected and feared at the same time. It was not easy even for the wealthy and influential people to meet him. The ordinary folks had to remain

content with looking at him from a distance, during state functions or in a royal procession. What made such a great king decide to pay a visit to a humble ascetic?

But the very courtiers who had been astonished at the king's decision and who accompanied the king to Siddhartha's cave, stood enchanted before the ascetic. The calm he radiated gave everybody a touch of serene peace.

"I invite you to live in a quiet mansion in my palace, surrounded by a garden. You can devote all your time to meditation. We will look after you to the best of our ability," proposed the king.

What greater care could one enjoy than the best care promised by a mighty king? But Siddhartha replied, "Great is your kindness, O King, but I am a seeker. Meditation is only one of the methods through which I am seeking answers to my questions. There may be other methods. I must be on the move and try to find them. Hence, I cannot accept your hospitality."

The king understood that it would not be possible for him to detain the ascetic. He said in a murmur, "A glimpse of you, I

feel, would have kept me in a state of peace."

"O noble king!" spoke Siddhartha, "I can assure you that you can have peace through love for others and good conduct towards all. Do not kill—either men or animals. Do you remember those sheep which were led to the altar? Such was their trust in men that they did not revolt or run away even though men were going to butcher them. Should we not be worthy of their innocence and trust?"

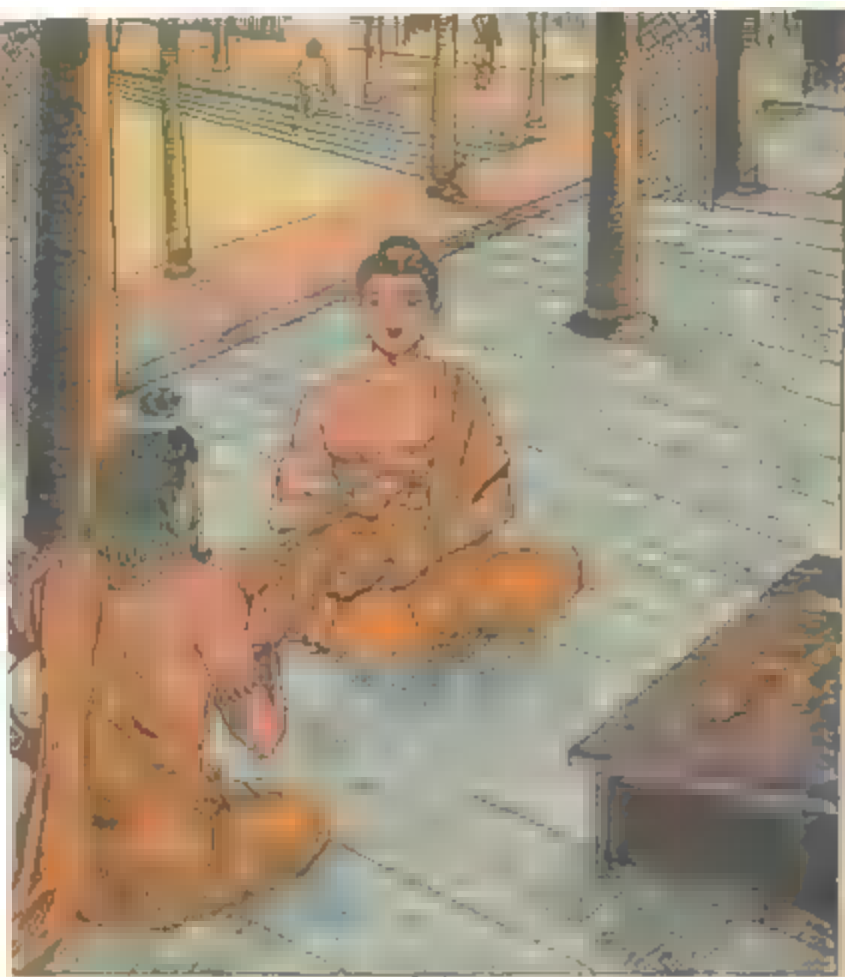
The king lowered his head and remained silent for a moment. Then he looked at his minister

who stood behind him and said in a firm voice, "Let it be announced that henceforth sacrifice of animals for any ritual is prohibited in my kingdom!"

The king took leave of Siddhartha, but the news of his visit to the ascetic spread. People flocked to steal glimpses of the strange ascetic who could exercise so much influence on their king! Siddhartha found it difficult to hide from the public gaze. One night he took to the road once again, leaving Rajagriha behind.

"I am not the first one to try to understand the meaning of suffering and the way out of it.





Many before us must have given their attention to these issues. I must meet some of them and seek their guidance," thought Siddhartha. The most famous among such seekers was a sage known as Alara Kalama. Siddhartha proceeded to his hermitage and became his disciple. Alara Kalama taught him many a philosophy. Siddhartha learnt them, but they did not satisfy him. He was not after knowledge for the sake of knowledge. He wanted to know, experience or realise the way to find release from sorrow and suffering. One day he quietly left Alara Kalama's hermitage for another

destination, the hermitage of Udraka Ramaputta, also a sage of renown.

His experience at the new institution was not different from what he had at the earlier one. He learnt many disciplines and principles of Yoga, but his primary thirst remained unquenched.

Once again he was out in the streets. He walked for several days without any particular goal in view. When he was tired, he took rest in a temple courtyard or under a tree. If he found a suitable place, he continued to live there for a few days. Once he found an abandoned shrine near a lake and amidst cornfields. He took shelter in it and was soon lost in meditation. A crowd had collected there.

"What is the cause of this excitement?" he asked some people.

"Two farmers were killed by lightning during the storm. So many houses have collapsed," they replied.

"When?"

The crowd looked at him with disbelief. "Well, the storm has just subsided! Where were you?" they asked.

"I was here, inside the deserted

shrine," said Siddhartha, taking note of the marks left by the storm.

"Even a huge block of stone fell from the temple wall. Did you not hear the crashing sound?" the people asked.

"No!"

"Are you deaf?"

"I don't think so, for I can hear you!" said Siddhartha.

The people looked surprised. Someone commented in a whisper, "He must be a block-head who understands nothing." But a more serious voice silenced him saying, "You are the block-head if you cannot understand that he is a great soul who

can live within himself, forgetful of the happenings around him."

Siddhartha knew that it would no longer be possible to live there in peace. He walked away through the crowd. Comments, be they good or bad, had stopped to affect him.

One morning he found himself in a grove on the bank of the river Niranjana. It was a charming place. Nearby was a village named Uruvela. "Here must I sit and do severe penance. I must concentrate deep within myself, I must forget the wants of my body," he decided.

To Continue



THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS FRIENDS

The old man was dying. He called his son and said, "One parting advice: never ignore any creature, big or small. Do not think that human beings alone can help you. No, you never know. In fact, sometimes you may be betrayed by a man, but never by an animal or a bird which might have got ~~some~~ love from you."

The old man died. The young man never forgot his advice. One morning, as he was crossing the fields, he found a dove lying with

a broken wing. He approached it; the frightened dove tried to fly away, but could not. When the young man lovingly touched it, the dove's fear was gone. It knew that the man meant no harm.

The young man brought the dove home and nursed it. He had a friend who was a physician. With the physician's help the young man restored strength to the dove's wing.

"Dear dove, do not fly away. Remain with me for some days



so that you grow stronger," the young man told the dove. The dove stayed on.

Another day the young man found a wounded snake. As he approached it, the snake tried to slither away, but could not. And it became perfectly still when the young man touched it, for it understood that it was a touch of care.

"I will treat you for your wound," he said and carried the snake home. Again, with the physician's help, he restored the snake to its health.

In those days thieves were punished with death. And one of the ways to kill a thief was to bury him up to his waist and then hurl stones at him till he was totally covered by them. Of course, if he was found to be alive after a day—and if anybody cared to drag him out—the king did not mind.

It was evening. The young man was returning from the market when he heard a faint cry from a heap of rubble. The young man dug out the heap and found a fellow gasping for breath. He brought water for the fellow and



then slowly began to dig the earth in which the fellow stood buried up to his waist.

While removing the muddy earth, the young man touched something metallic. Soon he found it to be a closed vessel filled with gold ingots. By and by he found five vessels, all of the same size and with the same content.

"Since I found this wealth while rescuing you, I should share this with you," the young man told the fellow.

"My brother, I have nobody in the world whom I can claim to be my kinsman, no house to

live in. Take me to your house. I will live with you and help you. Should I ever need a bit of gold, I will take it from you," said the fellow.

The young man took the fellow home and fed him and made him comfortable.

A week later a vessel with gold ingots in it was stolen from the palace. The king announced that anybody who can find it and the thief, will be made a minister. The young man was not at home. His guest carried one of the five vessels the young man had discovered to the king and said that he can help catch the thief if he is provided with some guards.

The king did not check to see whether the vessel brought to him was the vessel lost. He asked some guards to accompany the fellow. The fellow remained in hiding and pointed at his host when he was returning home. The guards captured the young man, led him to a field, buried him up to his waist and stoned him till he was fully covered by rubble. He was left there to die.

The dove and the snake grew thoughtful when their benefactor did not come home. Next day the dove went flying over the town and the fields around it and soon found out the young man who had managed to stick his head



out of the rubble up to his nose. The dove flew back to the snake and reported the matter to it. There was no time to lose. "Carry me on your back to the bedroom of the princess, the snake told the dove. That was done. The princess lay asleep." When she woke up, she found to her horror a snake coiled round her neck.

Her maids came running. But the snake hissed and behaved in a manner as if it would bite the princess if anyone tried to dislodge it.

It was a very unusual and tense situation. The king, the queen, the ministers and the courtiers looked on helplessly. "We could

repel an attack on our kingdom, but what can we do in such a situation? We have a large army, but it is of no help now. What to do?" the king asked all the people around him in despair.

"Only a wizard can help," said the Chief Minister.

Announcements were made accordingly. Two of the foremost wizards of the kingdom did their best to charm the snake and let it leave the princess, but their efforts failed.

Some people were passing through the fields. The dove circled over their heads and then sat on the young man's head. It



did so again and again. The people saw the young man. Since he had not died through stoning, they thought it fit to rescue him. From them the young man heard about the crisis in the palace. He proceeded to the palace and told the king, "I can save the princess!" But he was hardly able to speak more or move. The queen treated him to warm milk and some tonic and then to some excellent food. He then led into the bedroom of the princess. Quietly he took hold of the snake and kissed it and put it in his pocket.

"Are you not the man who stole the vessel from the palace and who was condemned to death?" asked the surprised king.

"I am the man who was condemned to death, but not the man who stole your vessel," said

the young man. He brought from his home the other six vessels and showed them to the king. It was proved that the vessel stolen from the palace was different in shape.

"But how could you befriend the snake?" asked the king.

"Through love," said the young man. Then he narrated the whole story.

The king immediately arrested the fellow who was waiting to become a minister. He was condemned to death for a second time. Unfortunately for him, this time he did not survive the stoning.

"So, young man, you proved that the lesser creatures are more dependable than human beings, isn't it so?" the king observed, appointing the young man to the post of a minister.





A DILEMMA AT NOON

Suresh of Ratnapur had lost his parents and was living alone in his house. The lands and orchards he had inherited from his father were quite valuable. His father had also left a good amount of cash for him. His well-wishers in the village had only one fear concerning him. He was a simple-hearted young man. What if some cunning fellow would try to exploit him?

Luckily for Suresh, the people of Ratnapur were an honest lot. They loved Suresh very much.

One afternoon Suresh's neighbours were surprised to find a small crowd heading towards Suresh's house. While the crowd consisted of the people of Ratnapur, the man who headed it was a man named Jombu belonging to a distant village. He was followed by a young girl. Obviously he had some complaint against Suresh and he had

collected the villagers to strengthen himself.

The villagers looked puzzled as well as amused. What Jombu told them was most unexpected. According to Jombu, Suresh married his daughter, Smita, some three months ago. He had promised to bring her home soon. But he did not show up later on. That is why Jombu had been obliged to bring his daughter along, in order to leave her with Suresh!

Some people were heard saying to one another, "Suresh, after all, is an innocent boy. Maybe, he was influenced by Jombu to marry his daughter!" Said some others, "It cannot be that Suresh would keep his marriage a secret from us. Why should he?"

The crowd reached Suresh's house. Suresh was standing on his verandah, totally ignorant of the fact that he was the target

of the crowd.

"Hello, sonny, you seem to have clean forgotten everything!" observed Jombu, looking at him.

"What did I forget, gentleman!" asked Suresh, bewildered by the charge.

"Did you not marry my daughter, Smita, three months ago? Did you not promise to bring her home soon? Must I fetch witnesses from my village to prove what I say?" demanded Jombu.

Suresh looked agape with surprise. He then managed to say, "I remember meeting you one day while returning from the bazar. I also remember that you invited me to your house which came on our way. Yes, this was the girl who, at your asking, brought me a glass of water. That is all. Where was the question of my marrying her?"

"How do you deny that you liked her and married her in a hurry by exchanging garlands with her, because that was an auspicious moment? I consented to it because I trusted you! If you are not willing to take her as your wife, you must pay enough money as compensation for the loss of our prestige you caused!" shouted Jombu.

Jombu fiercely argued with those who were of the opinion

that Suresh was not likely to have done any such thing. Meanwhile someone informed the village headman about the situation created by Jombu.

The headman knew how wicked Jombu was. He understood that by talking to Suresh Jombu had formed an idea about the young man's wealth as well as his innocence. He was now out to swindle Suresh. Something must be done to protect Suresh. He thought out a plan and immediately briefed two or three villagers to do the needful to work out the plan. Then he came out to the village square and summoned Jombu and the crowd there.

The headman heard Jombu's complaint with great patience and said, "Well, you are a respectable man. Since our Suresh has married your daughter, she should be recognised by us as Suresh's wife!"

Jombu smiled and said, "This is what I expect of a wise man!"

Suresh was on the verge of tears. But before he had said anything, the situation took a more dramatic turn. Lakshmidhar of the neighbouring village and his daughter Indu arrived there.

"What is this I hear? Is it true

that Suresh has married a second time?" asked Lakshmidhar.

"What do you mean by second time?" asked the headman.

"Sir, Suresh married my daughter Indu six months ago!" asserted Lakshmidhar.

"Oh God! I'll go mad! If I married Indu, I should be only too proud to announce it. Why should I keep it a secret?" exclaimed Suresh.

The headman and Lakshmidhar exchanged meaningful smiles. But the headman became grave and said, "If Suresh married Indu six months ago, then his marriage with Smita, performed three months ago, becomes invalid!"

Suddenly Guman, the butcher, jumped out of the crowd and roared at Smita, "You treacherous woman! You are here! How dare you desert me? Did you not know that to marry a butcher means having to live amidst the raw flesh and blood of animals?"

Jombu was taken aback. Then he recovered his wits and shouted, "Who are you, you liar? When did you marry Smita?"

"When? On a Sunday, four months ago. Here are my comrades who were present during the event!" asserted the butcher.

"Indeed, our dear friend, the honest butcher Guman, married this girl out of his kindness!" testified two fellows who came



with Guman.

"In that case, Smitá, you must accompany Guman the butcher to his house," said the headman. "Ha ha!" laughed the butcher and he took a step to take hold of Smita.

Smita broke into tears and screamed, "Save me, gentlemen, I never married either Suresh or the butcher. I am not even Jombu's daughter. Please let me go!"

The headman told her sternly, "You should not have agreed to act like this. Whoever you are, I will send you to your parents with escorts. But Jombu must be taught a lesson!"

"The villagers tried to detain Jombu. But Jombu took to his heels. Some young villagers were about to pursue him, but the headman asked them not to take the trouble."

To the villagers it was more amusing than a drama. But they

were still curious to know if Suresh's marriage with Indu was true.

The headman looked at Suresh smilingly and said, "So, dear Suresh, you would have been proud if you were married to Indu, is that so? Fine. Let us then proceed to make the necessary arrangements! In fact, I sent for Lakshmidhar, advising him to do as he did, in order to save you from the clutches of Jombu, the villain. Those who acted as the butcher and his two friends are also my people! Luckily our plan succeeded."

All had a hearty laugh. Only Indu stood blushing while Suresh stood embarrassed. Of course, he wished to marry Indu and Lakshmidhar, Indu and the headman knew it!

The marriage was performed on a grand scale, as if it was a village festival!



THE SMOOTH PASSAGE

Merchants who exported rice and wheat from Shankhapur to the neighbouring kingdom of Champeswar had to pay a tax of ~~1000~~ rupee per cartload of things. If a merchant had five carts with him, then one cart was allowed free passage.

Vishnu Gupta, the grain merchant, was proceeding with four carts. There were many carts in the queue before him. He knew that it will take a long time for him to cross the gate. But his assistant, Vimal, told, "Sir, pay me the money, I will pay it quickly."

"How can you? There are a number of carts in front of ours!" said Gupta.

"Let me try, Sir," said Vimal and he went forth with four rupees. After only twenty minutes Vishnu Gupta found the carts moving. Vimal came back to him and returned the four rupees he had taken and said, "There were twenty carts in front of ours. I told them that if we pay together, we can all cross the gate promptly. They handed over to me a rupee each. One cart can go free in five carts. Since I paid for twenty carts, our four carts can go free!"

Vishnu Gupta was amused at his assistant's cleverness.





THE STRANGER'S ADDRESS

Karuna had lost her mother when she was only eight years of age. But whoever came in contact with her, agreed that she was as kind as her mother. In fact, Karuna, though so young, had decided that she will pay tribute to her mother by imbibing her best qualities.

She began by becoming a mother to her father. Her father used to work in a factory. If for one week he worked during the day, the next week he had to report for work at night. He came back home tired and slept during the day. A woman of the neighbourhood, a distant aunt, devoted an hour or so daily to look after their household, but Karuna picked up the art of cooking and maintaining the house very promptly. Even after she started attending the primary school, she found time to look

after her father with great attention.

The neighbours loved Karuna as their own daughter. They tried their best to make her forget the loss of her mother.

It was a rainy night. Karuna's father was away in the factory. Karuna was about to sit down for taking her food — a little hot rice and a glass of hot milk — when she heard a thud on the verandah. She was all alone in the house. Perhaps another girl of her age would have felt some fear, but not Karuna. She opened the door. She found someone lying sprawled in the verandah. She went near him slowly and called out, "Sir! Sir!" But no response came from the man. Karuna put her hand on his forehead. The stranger was running high temperature. She sat down near him and called him softly. After a while the stranger

opened his eyes. "Sir, you seem to be suffering from fever. You should not lie here in this weather. Please come in," she said.

The man sat up. Karuna helped him to enter her house. She gave him her father's dry clothes to change and made him lie on a bed. After the man had regained his consciousness fully, she gave him the milk she had kept for herself. The man went to sleep. Karuna ate the rice she had with the help of a little pickle and then retired into her room.

When she woke up in the morning, the stranger was ready to leave. "My mother," he said with

tears in his eyes, "I don't know how to return your kindness. Compassionate ones like you are the hopes of mankind. I pray that one day I will be in a position to do something for you."

"I have done nothing to deserve so much praise from you," said Karuna. The guest left a piece of paper with her, with his name written on it. Karuna read it and asked, "But what is your address?"

The man remained silent for a moment. Then he said, "My daughter, I will return to you when I am in a position to put down my address." He then left.





Ten years passed. Karuna's father thought of her marriage. But she resisted all proposals. "Who will look after you if I go away?" she said.

It was a summer noon. Karuna was alone at home as she was most of the time. Someone knocked on the door. She opened it and saw an old man sweating and gasping for breath.

"Please come in. You seem so tired!" said Karuna. The man staggered in and sat down. Instantly Karuna prepared a glass of cool drink for him with fresh lemon and sugar. The man looked at her with deep love in his eyes.

"I don't know, but it seems I had seen you somewhere!" observed Karuna.

"My child! You had seen me here. In fact, you had almost given me back my life. I had swooned away. Had you not brought me in and nourished me, I would have been obliged to pass the whole night in the open, bearing the gusts of cold wind and lashing of rain. Perhaps I would have caught pneumonia and died!" said the old man.

Karuna's eyes grew bright. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You had written down your name on a piece of paper, but not your address!" She brought out the paper.

"How sweet it is of you, my child, to preserve this paper for ten years! Please give it to me. Now I will write down my address below my name," said the old man. He wrote down his address: Viswanath Rao, Proprietor, Durga Mills, Kumudpur.

Karuna read the address with disbelief. She knew that a prosperous merchant from the town had bought the factory in her village in which her father worked. But how can this ordinary-looking old man be a millionaire?

"You are a bit surprised, are you, my child? Well, I came like this intentionally, to see for myself whether you continue to be as sweet as once upon a time you were. I belonged to another village. I had failed in my business because of some people's treachery. I had sold my property in the village and was going to the town to try my luck there. I had no address. I was a bitter man. But your golden touch revived in my heart my faith in man. I prospered once again. Recently I bought the factory in your village. I have decided to settle down here, provided..."

"Provided?" asked Karuna with curiosity.

"Provided you treat me as your son," said Viswanath Rao.

As they were talking, Karuna's father came in. He was surprised

to see his new master in his house. Viswanath Rao's son, out in search of his father, was the next person to reach there.

"Sudarshan!" Viswanath Rao said looking at his son, "Do you remember my telling you about a goddess-like girl who saved me from death?"

"How can I forget that, father? You have told me about her so many times!" said Sudarshan.

"Here is she — my little mother!" Viswanath Rao showed Karuna to his son.

The evening Viswanath Rao proposed to Karuna's father that Karuna be married to Sudarshan. Sudarshan was known to be intelligent and noble-hearted young man. Karuna at last agreed to marry. After all, she was not going out of Kumudpur!





A DANGEROUS PLACE

Yusuf was a successful merchant of Bagdad, but he always looked forward to adventures, more than success.

To the farthest west of the land was a hilly region. The senior and experienced merchants told the young ones, "Never visit that hilly region. Only unfortunate ones go there."

Yusuf did not understand why they should be afraid of visiting any place. He nursed a desire to see the forbidden place. One day a temptation took grip of him. It was when he met an old lady who had come from the hilly region. She bought a piece of sandalwood and told Yusuf that blocks of sandalwood were as costly in her area as gold! But the old lady hastened to say, "But, my son, never visit our place. Don't ask me why. I tell you that you will repent if you travel there."

Yusuf grew more and more curious. At last, one day, he loaded blocks of quality sandalwood on the back of his camel and proceeded towards the forbidden region.

It was a winter evening when he reached the other side of the hills. He saw an inn and decided to spend his night in it. He took a room and stored his ware there. After taking some rest he came out of the inn. What should he see but some people sitting around a fire to warm themselves and burning sandalwood!

"I heard that sandalwood is very costly here. How is it that you are burning such a precious thing for warming yourselves?" he asked.

His listeners laughed. "Who is the joker who told you that sandalwood is costly here? It is available in such plenty that we

make bonfires of it as many times as we please!" they said.

Yusuf sighed. "What a pity that I brought a stack of sandalwood to sell here. Can't I ever sell them?" he asked.

"You can sell them to us. But we cannot pay you any money for that. We can give you things of the same weight, things for which we have no use—say clods or frogs ■ flies..." they said laughing.

"I see. All right. We will finalise the deal tomorrow," said Yusuf. Then he went out to see the town. Suddenly ■ one-eyed man stopped him and asked him, "Where do you come from?"

"Bagdad," Yusuf replied.

"Are you..." the stranger waited for Yusuf to say his own name.

"Yusuf."

"Right! So, you are Yusuf of Bagdad! At last I have caught you. What about my eye?"

"Your eye? What do you mean?" asked Yusuf with surprise.

"Have you forgotten taking away one of my eyes, promising that you will repair it and bring it back?"



A number of people gathered and they supported the one-eyed man, saying that Yusuf was the man who took away the fellow's eye!

"Give me sufficient money as compensation or give me one of your eyes!" the fellow demanded.

"All right. Let us wait till tomorrow," said Yusuf.

He saw that one of his sandals needed a little stitching. He went to a cobbler and asked him to do the needful. "How much will you pay?"

"I will satisfy you!" said Yusuf, under the impression that the cobbler would demand the usual fee he pays for such jobs in his own town.



"Very good. Come and take your sandals tomorrow, after satisfying me," said the cobbler.

Yusuf was soon accosted by two gamblers. "Come and see how we gamble," they proposed. Yusuf entered their den to satisfy his curiosity. Soon he was tempted to gamble for a while. "You have lost everything," shouted those two fellows. "Give us all you have or drink all the water of the sea!"

"We will decide about it tomorrow," said Yusuf. He came out a sad man. He wondered if he can go back to Bagdad at all, after meeting the demands of all these cheats!

"What are you doing here, my

son?"

Yusuf was pleasantly surprised to see the old woman who put this question to him. Yusuf was in tears. "Mother! I am paying the price for ignoring your advice!" he said. He then reported to her his experiences within the short time he had been there.

The old woman said, "My son, it is a moonlit night. Find your way to the eastern end of the town. There is a rock. The leader of all the rogues of the town will soon appear there. The rogues will report to him their day's activities and seek his advice. Hear them from a hiding. May be you will find clues to come out of the situation.

Yusuf went and hid behind the rock. After some rogues had reported on their activities to their leader, the turn came for those who had met Yusuf. Those who were planning to buy his sandalwood said, "We will cheat him with some useless things."

"Don't think yourselves very intelligent. What if he asks you to give him flies matching the weight of his sandalwood stack? Can you give him?"

The one-eyed man came for-

ward and said, "I am sure, instead of sacrificing one of his eyes, he will pay me money."

"You think yourself clever, do you? What if he asks you for your remaining eye, saying that he will match it with the many eyes he has in his home in Bagdad and find out which one is yours?" said the leader.

The cobbler came forward and said, "He then said that he will satisfy me. I will say that nothing less than a hundred gold pieces will satisfy me."

"Suppose he says that our Sultan is a great ruler and asks you whether his statement satisfies you or not, can you say no? If you say so, the Sultan will smash your bones!" quipped the leader.

The gamblers claimed that since Yusuf cannot drink up all the water of the sea, he will be

obliged to part with all he has!

"Is Yusuf that fool? He may ask you to bring all the water of the sea in a glass for him to drink!" said the leader.

Yusuf slipped away quietly and had a peaceful night. In the morning he put the clues he had got from the leader of the rogues to best use. The sandalwood buyers could not produce flies equal in weight to his sandalwood stack. They had to pay the proper price for it. The one-eyed man was not prepared to part with his remaining eye and hence withdrew his claim. The cobbler could not say 'No' to Yusuf's statement and kept quiet. The gamblers could not offer him all the water of the sea in a glass and went away.

Yusuf returned home with good profit, but paid a reward to the old lady before leaving the hilly region.



WORLD OF NATURE



LARGEST FROG

THE LARGEST SPECIES OF FROG IS THE GOLIATH OF WEST AFRICA. IT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO REACH A LENGTH OF 81.5 CM (32.08 IN.) AND WEIGH 3,308G (7LB. 4.5OZ).

THE MALE STICKLEBACK BUILDS AN UNDERWATER NEST FOR THE FEMALE TO LAY HER EGGS IN.



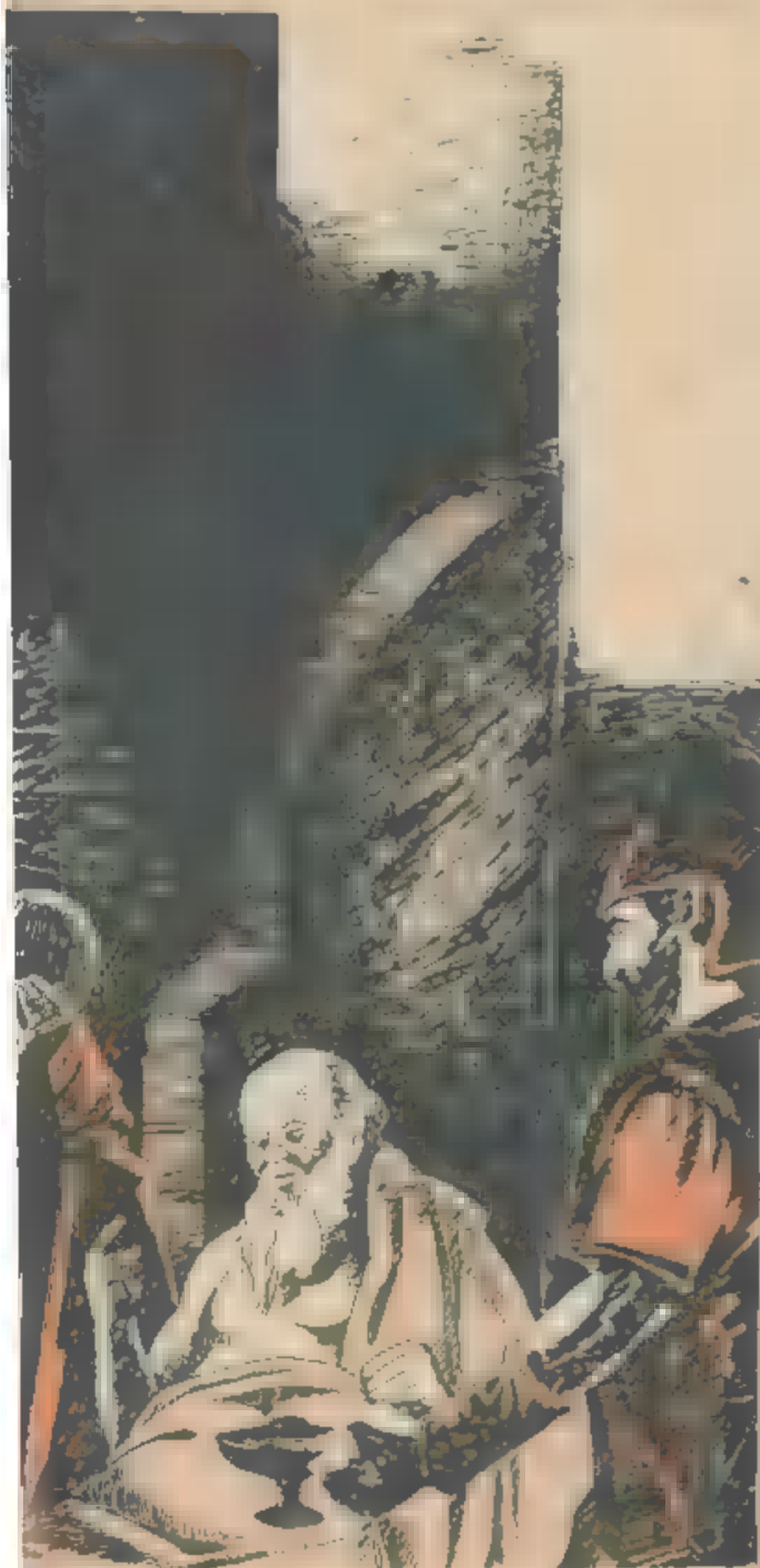
The fish that builds a nest

TOOL-USER



THE SEA OTTER IS ONE OF THE FEW MAMMALS TO USE A TOOL. IT PLACES A LARGE STONE ON ITS CHEST WHICH IT USES AS AN ANVIL TO CRACK OPEN SHELL-FISH. THIS IS DONE WHILE SWIMMING ON ITS BACK.

SURVIVE THE THINKER



thodox declared him crazy or wicked. It was publicly declared that he ■ corrupting the young people. A large bench of judges, consisting of five hundred and one, tried him. Socrates answered the accusations against him wisely and wittily. But the judges pronounced him guilty by a majority of sixty. They condemned him to death. He was to die by drinking ■ glass of poison called hemlock.

His disciples and admirers surrounded him. They were all in tears, but Socrates was all smiles. He told his followers not to feel sad. "Death is either ■ state of nothingness or a change of the soul from this world to another... The hour of departure has come; we go our ways, I to die, you to live. God only knows which is better."

With ■ smile of goodwill for all, Socrates finished the last drop of hemlock and swooned away. Thus, the little men of Athens succeeded in putting an end to the life of the wisest man of their land.

LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST



1. The Prime Minister of an Indian State founded a museum with his personal collection which is now one of the national museums of the country. What is his name?
2. Which great temple of India was destroyed six times by invaders and rulers?
3. Why is the site of this temple sacred?
4. Which are the two groups of caves, world famous today, discovered only one hundred and seventy years ago?
5. A prince bore the title 'The Terrible' at the beginning. Later he was called 'The Pious'. Who is he?
6. Which is the war that gave a boost to Buddhism?
7. Where is the monument known as the "Gateway of India"?
8. When was it made and for what purpose?

LET US TEST OUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. How low is the North Pole from the South Pole?
2. How many fireflies will be needed to give you enough light to read?
3. How many comets do you think revolve around the sun?
4. Where is to be found a kind of fish with four eyes?
5. What was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, by profession?
6. How do snakes smell?
7. Which great painting once decorated a king's bathroom?
8. Can a frog turn its head?
9. What is the colour of the grasshopper's blood?
10. What is the oldest statue in the world?



1. Who described the Himalayas as the King of Mountains, possessing the soul of a god?
2. Which play gives the story of Chandragupta Maurya?
3. Which book gives the story of Harshavardhana?
4. Who was the Indian poet to receive the title 'Sir' from the British, but gave it up?
5. Which Indian language is written from the right to the left?
6. How was this language formed?
7. What script is used to write this language?
8. What is the exact name of Tulsidas Ramayana?
9. Where did Tulsidas live and when?

See Page No VIII

**LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL
THE INDIAN LANGUAGES
= NORTH =**

Assamese, Bengali, Gujarati, Hindi, Marathi, and Oriya; *Uttar*
Kannada: *Uttara*; Sanskrit: *Udichi*; Malayalam: *Vattaku*;
Tamil: *Vadakku*; Sindhi: *Uttaru*; Telugu: *Uttaramu*; Kashmiri:
Shumal; Urdu: *Shumal*; Punjabi: *Utar*.

DO YOU BELIEVE?

1. That Bharatavarsha of the epic era is the same as India of our time?
2. That the bulls get angry at the sight of the red rag?
3. That all birds build nests?

OH NO!

1. It was a much larger country.
2. The bulls are colour-blind.
3. Owls and parrots generally live in hollows in tree-trunks or ruins.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Ramanuja. The temple is that of Srirangam.

INDIA'S PAST

1. Sir Salar Jung I, the Prime Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad.
2. The Somnath Temple.
3. Because it stands at Prabhas where Sri Krishna is believed to have left his body.
4. Ajanta and Ellora.
5. Ashoka.
6. The Kalinga War. It changed Ashoka's heart. He embraced Buddhism and preached it.
7. At Apollo Bunder, Bombay.
8. In 1911, to welcome King George and Queen Mary.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. 2799 metres.
2. A dozen would do.
3. More than one hundred million!
4. In Central America.
5. A doctor.
6. With their tongue.
7. Mona Lisa. King Francis I of France put it up in his bathroom.
8. No, because it has ■■■ neck.
9. White.
10. The Sphinx.

LITERATURE

1. Kalidasa.
2. Mudrarakshasa by Visakhadatta.
3. Harsha Charita by Bana Bhatta.
4. Rabindranath Tagore.
5. Urdu.
6. From transactions between Persian and Hindi. Turki had ■■■ influence too.
7. Persian.
8. Ramcharitamanas.
9. At Varanasi. His time is A. D. 1532 to 1623.

CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT - 7

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH FROM HISTORY



MAHARANA PRATAP

Pratap, later Maharana Pratap Singh, the great hero of Rajputana, was born on the 9th of May, 1540, to Maharana Udai Singh of Mewar.

When Pratap became the Maharana of Mewar, Akbar was trying to expand his empire. The greatest challenge to him came from the Rajput kings. But he succeeded in subjugating them one by one, through diplomacy or war. But the one king who refused to accept Akbar as his sovereign was Maharana Pratap.

A fierce battle was fought between Akbar's army led by Mansingh and Maharana Pratap on 1 April, 1576, at Huldighat. The Maharana fought with extraordinary courage and he was about to win. Just then the Mughals got a fresh supply of soldiers. Also, unfortunately, the Maharana's horse, Chetak, was wounded. The wounded horse took its master to safety.

Even after this memorable war the Maharana never gave up. He built a new fort and began to recover parts of his kingdom conquered by the Mughals. He died in 1597, but lives in the memory of India as one of the greatest sons of the country.

WHO IS HE?

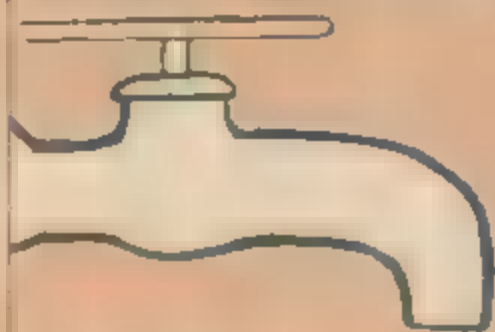
A great temple in the South was plundered by the Sultan of Delhi. The Sultan's men took away invaluable wealth of the temple along with the movable figure of the main deity used in ceremonies.

Soon thereafter a great sage reached Delhi and, through his untiring efforts, obliged the Sultan to agree to return the idol to him. The idol was in the possession of the Sultan's daughter who gave it to him.

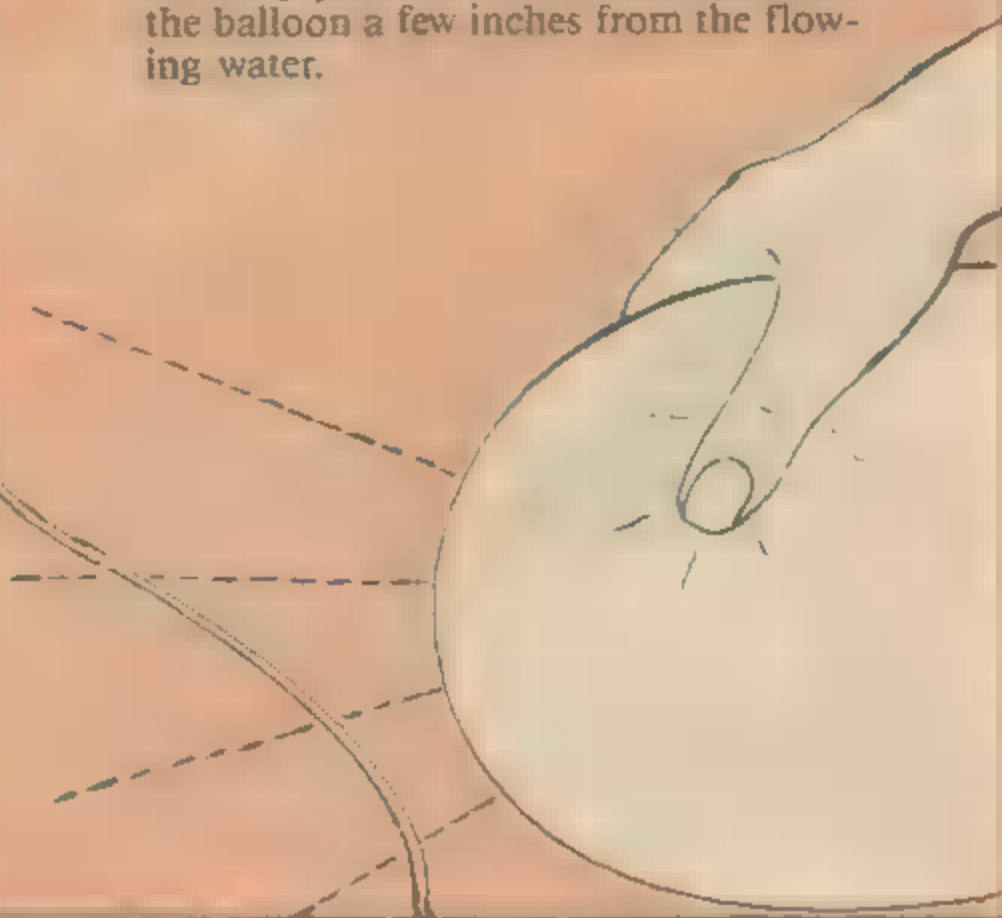
As the sage began his return-journey to the South, it was seen that a veiled woman was following his cart. Days passed. She continued in her walk. At last the sage found out that she was none other than the Sultan's daughter. She loved the deity so much that she could not live without the idol. The compassionate sage let her come into the temple. She died there. In her honour, some Muslim rites were introduced in the temple.

Who was the Sage?

See Page No VIII

**Directions :**

Adjust a water faucet so that a very thin, steady stream of water flows from it. Then briskly rub an inflated balloon on a dry piece of wool cloth, and hold the balloon a few inches from the flowing water.

**What happens and why:**

The stream of water appears to have a "kink" in it. Doesn't it? Instead of falling straight down from the faucet, the water moves sideways toward the balloon before it continues to fall.

Actually, very little force is required to move a thin, falling stream of water sideways. And the surface of the balloon has a slight "electrical charge" on it that attracts (pulls) the water enough to deflect it from its normal fall. The electrical charge is what is known as static electricity, which is the result of numerous electrons that collect on the surface of the balloon the balloon is rubbed with dry wool. The "extra" electrons slowly escape to the air, but they seem to want to escape faster to most other things such as water. And as the electrons escape, there is a slight attraction toward anything to which the electrons are able to escape.

If the balloon is permitted to be too close to the water, the stream will flow over and splash around on the balloon. Won't it? Will the wet balloon still pull the water sideways?

Can you pick up tiny bits of paper or crumbled pieces of puffed wheat and styrofoam with a "charged" balloon? Try it and see!

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF ALEXANDRIA

Not far from the city of Alexandria, on the island named Pharos, stood a great lighthouse constructed by Ptolemy Philadephus. This was in the 3rd century B. C. This was built in white marble, and had several storeys, the higher storeys smaller than the lower ones. It was 520 feet high and atop it burnt a fire which could be seen from a distance of 30 miles at sea. Earthquakes and the sea gradually destroyed the lighthouse, but its ruins could be seen till the 13th century.



THOUGHTS

Since times immemorial there has been ■ conflict between those who are progressive in their ideas and those who are orthodox. Man can progress only through freedom of thought and speech. The orthodox do not realise this.



That is why, the orthodox guardians of the city-state of Athens in the 6th century B. C. did not like ■ philosopher who taught the youth of the city how ■ think for themselves, to free them from prejudices and blind dogmas. While the youths took the philosopher to be the wisest of men, the or-





THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE

THE FIRST UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE WAS HELD IN 1829. IN THE 120 YEARS SINCE THEN, THERE HAVE BEEN 68 TIMES WHEN OXFORD WON, 56 TIMES WHEN CAMBRIDGE WON. THERE WAS ONE DEAD-HEAT.



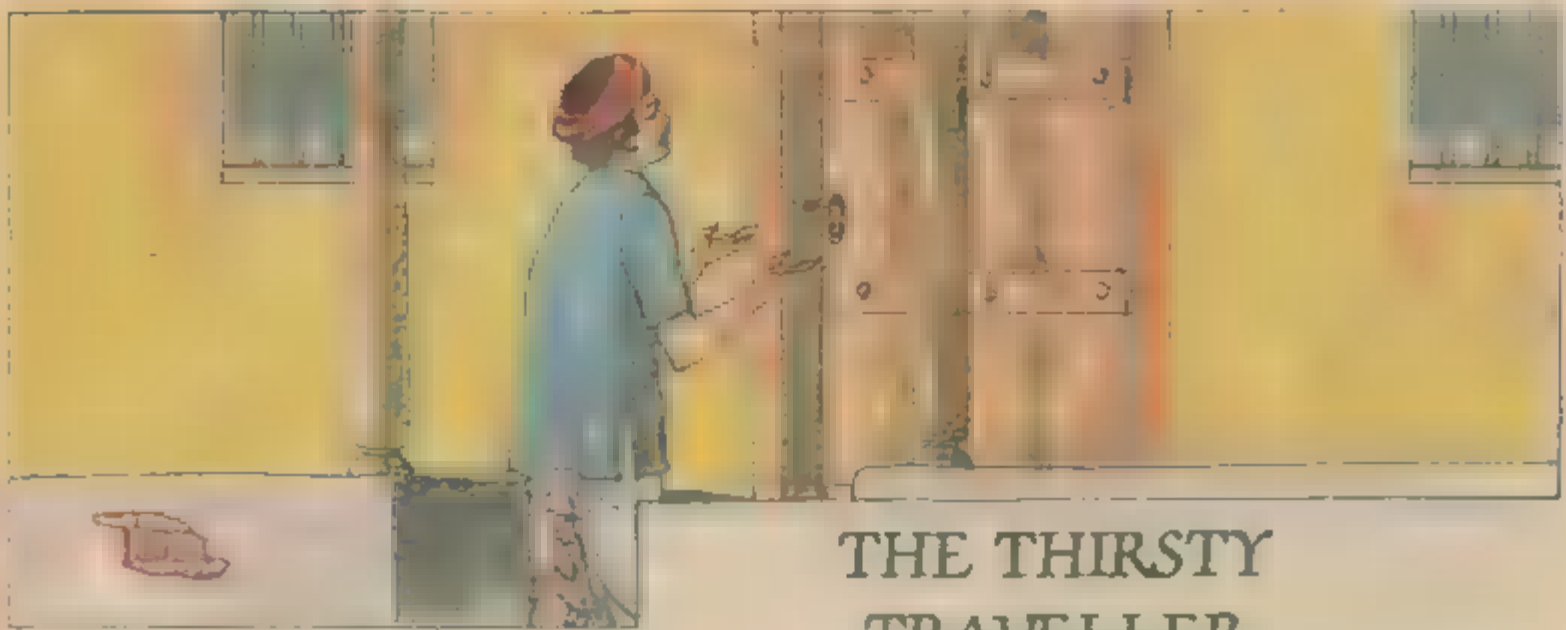
FRED ARCHER

FRED ARCHER (1877-1969) SET A RECORD OF 246 WINNERS IN A YEAR. A RECORD THAT WAS UNBROKEN FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS UNTIL SIR GORDON RICHARDS BEAT IT IN 1933 WITH 259. ARCHER HAD A TOTAL OF 2,748 WINNERS IN HIS CAREER.

ASTON VILLA HAS WON THE FA CUP SEVEN TIMES — IN 1887, 1895, 1897, 1905, 1913, 1920 AND 1957

SEVEN TIMES CUP WINNERS





THE THIRSTY TRAVELLER

A traveller was too tired and thirsty to walk farther. He sat down in front of the nearest roadside house and cried out, "Is there anybody there to give me a glass of water? I am thirsty!"

"Wait, man, I am performing puja. As soon as I finish this, I will give you water," said the resident of the house. Evidently there was only one man in the house.

The traveller waited for some time. Then he cried out for the second time, "Water, please! I'm awfully thirsty!"

"Please have patience. I too am awfully busy. I have just finished offering obeisance to the third deity in my little sanctuary. Now the fourth deity is receiving my attention," informed the voice from inside.

Another few minutes passed.

The traveller cried out his need for the third time.

"Don't be impatient. I have now almost finished with the fifth deity. One more remains," said the voice.

The traveller waited. After another ten minutes, the resident of the house came out with water. But looking at the field in front of the house, he saw that the traveller had dug six small holes.

"Why did you dig those holes?" asked the host.

"As I felt more and more thirsty, I dug the holes to see if I could find some water under the ground," replied the traveller.

"How unwise you are! Instead of digging six holes, had you dug only one pit quite deep, perhaps you would have found water!" observed the host.

"Sir, the same applies to you.



Had you concentrated on one deity deep enough, you would have served the purpose," replied the traveller while drinking the water. Then he thanked his host and went away.

The host thought over the issue. What the traveller said is

one point of view. There were arguments in favour of it as well as against it. But the host felt sure that he had failed in his duty himself. The deities would have been happier if he would have quenched the traveller's thirst even amidst his rituals.

WOMEN WITH WINGS



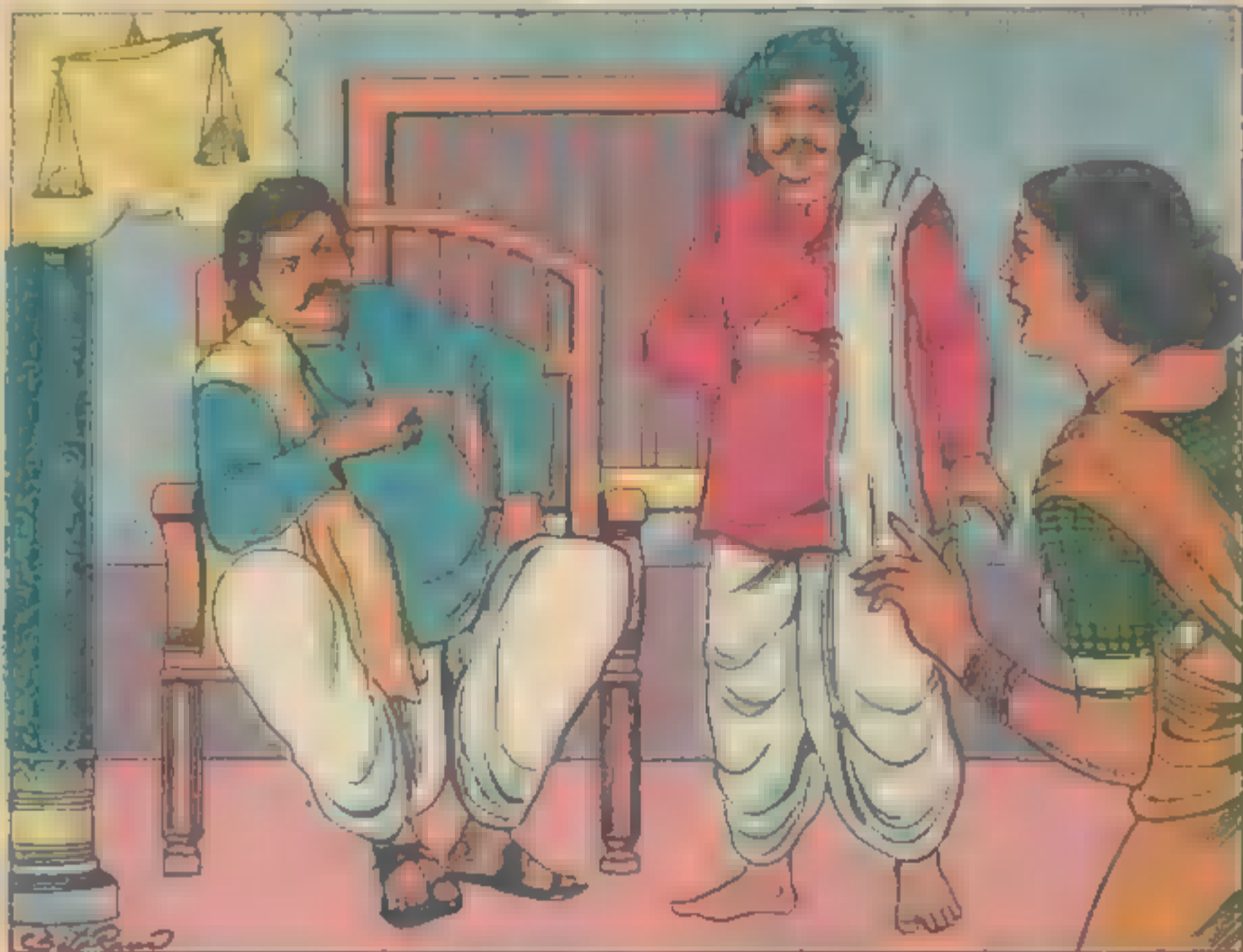
WHY THE BUTTER WEIGHED LESS

The village grocer brought a complaint before the village chief. Sudha, the milk-maid, had agreed to supply him a pound of butter every day, in the evening. For some days the grocer observed that the weight of the butter was growing less and less. He weighed and found that it was indeed less than a pound.

The village chief was surprised. He knew that Sudha was extremely honest and truthful. He summoned Sudha and asked her how she weighed the butter.

"Sir, every day, in the afternoon, I buy a pound of rice from the grocer's shop. When the grocer's grandson comes to take the butter, I put the rice packet on the same side of the scale and weigh my butter against it," replied Sudha.

"Now, do you understand who is at fault?" the village chief told the grocer.





NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM
AND THE VAMPIRE

THE GIANT'S LAUGHTER

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Fierce wind whistled past the trees. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I suppose you are trying to create an opportunity for yourself to enhance your glory. But are you sure that you will not give up the opportunity when it will come? There are people who act in that way. Let me make my point clear through an example. Pay attention to my narration. That may bring you relief."



The vampire went on: "In the village Shantipur lived a young man named Prabhu. He was an orphan. He owned a flock of sheep. His was the healthiest flock in the area because he led it into the forest for grazing. Others did not dare to step into the forest. That is because the forest was not only the home of numerous wild beasts, but also the home of thousands of snakes. Somehow Prabhu believed that the beasts or snakes did not harm human beings unless first harmed or threatened by the human beings.

One day Prabhu was tending his flock when he saw a hermit descending from a hill. He was

surprised, because the hill from which the hermit came was notorious as the abode of the most dangerous snakes. Prabhu understood that the hermit had the power to protect himself from any danger.

He bowed to the hermit and said, "Can I be of any service to you?"

The hermit kept looking at him for a full minute and then smiled and said, "I see that you believe in the ideal of service to the people. I can also see that very soon you will get the chance to serve the people to your heart's content."

"How can that be, sir? I am only a poor village boy, without money or man-power!" said Prabhu.

"You will have both. In fact, within a month from now you will become a king," said the hermit and he went away.

Prabhu stood stunned. How on earth was he to believe that he was going to be a king? At the same time there was something in the hermit's voice which convinced him that he meant what he said.

Quite excited, he told the villagers about the hermit's prophecy when he returned home in

the evening. The villagers knew that he was naive and innocent. Some of them thought that he had grown slightly insane. Some others thought that he had been possessed by some spirit who made him say so!

The village tailor told him jokingly, "Well, Prabhu, a would-be prince should not move about in ordinary clothes. You should put on a princely dress."

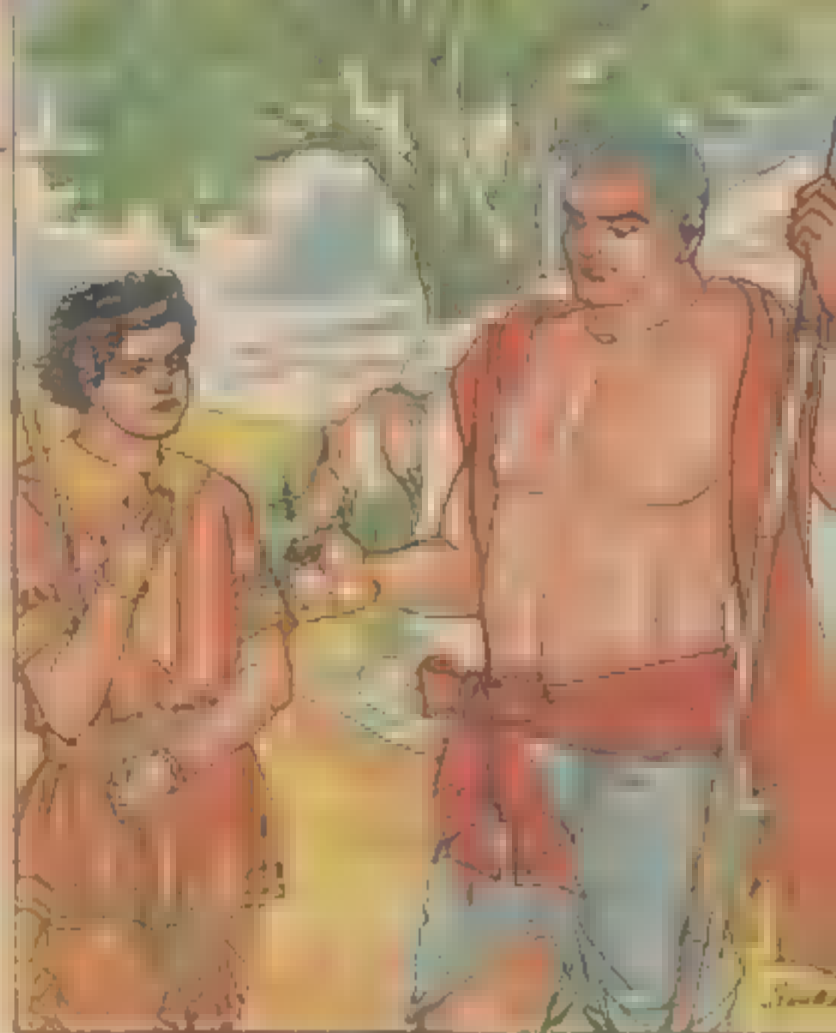
"You are right," said Prabhu. He had collected some money over the years. He handed over the amount to the tailor who made a colourful dress for him. Needless to say, it was made of cheap cloth used by actors who appeared in royal roles.

Prabhu began learning lathi-play and sword-play from a villager who used to be in the king's service. He learnt it very well.

"Prabhu, a would-be king should have a sword," said the village-smith.

"Please prepare one for me. I will pay you ten times its cost when I ascend the throne," said Prabhu.

"You need not pay me ten times more. Three of my sheep have strayed into the forest. If



you can find them, I will give you a sword," said the smith.

"I should be able to find them if they are in the forest," said Prabhu. He went into the forest and found the three sheep quietly resting inside a cave. As he came out of the forest leading them towards the village, he came face to face with the princess of the kingdom who was passing by in a chariot.

The princess asked her charioteer to stop at the sight of Prabhu. "Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Prabhu, a poor resident of Shantipur," replied Prabhu.

"You enjoy putting on such

princely robes, do you?" asked the princess.

"Oh no. I was never desirous of wearing anything gorgeous. But, you see, there is a prophecy that I am to become a king very soon. That is why..."

"What nonsense do you speak!" shouted the princess. She was in a bad mood because her father had died and the burden of the kingdom was on her. What was worse, she had just been informed that Durdham Singh, a neighbouring king, was about to attack her kingdom.

"No nonsense; what I say is true. I take this opportunity to propose to you. Of course, our

wedding will take place only after I become a king!" said Prabhu.

"Arrest this mad-cap and drag him to the palace—and thrash the madness out of him!" the princess ordered the bodyguards.

The bodyguards pounced on Prabhu, but suddenly a thunderous voice bewildered all. A giant emerged from behind a hill and asked, "Why should he be thrashed?"

The guards were ready to take to their heels, but the giant said, "I mean no harm, I am the king of the hidden land of the giants. I have come to the human world to observe the laws and rules which govern mankind. I will go



away soon. But tell me, what is the crime committed by this young man for which he deserves to be thrashed?"

The princess took a step forward and said, "He is a poor villager, who insulted me by proposing marriage with me—a princess."

The giant cast a searching look on Prabhu. Then he said, "Princess, I can read his mind. He is a good boy. He is brave and truthful. The only trouble with him is, he is very simple. You will not be a loser by marrying him."

"O good giant, how can I marry a fellow who knows nothing of warfare, who cannot

defend our kingdom at the time of crisis?" said the princess.

"As the king of the giants, I have some supernatural powers. I can make him an efficient warrior in no time," said the giant. He caught hold of Prabhu and uttered some hymns and shook him. Prabhu seemed to faint for a moment. Then he stood erect and saluted the giant. He looked bright and joyous. "I feel in me a new strength, a new knowledge!" he exclaimed.

Just then a spy came riding and whispered a message to the princess.

"The enemy has suddenly struck. Can you repel the attack?"





"I will marry you, if you can!" the princess told Prabhu.

"Come, young man, let us face the enemy!" said the giant. Both sped towards the frontier, followed by the princess and her party.

The enemy soldiers fled the moment they saw the giant. But King Durdham Singh turned his horse and attacked Prabhu. The giant stepped aside and let the two fight. Though Durdham was a famous fighter, Prabhu fought better and killed him.

The princess was observing the fight from some distance. The giant and Prabhu now went near her. "So, Princess, your enemy-

king is dead. His soldiers have fled. Are you now ready to marry the young man?" asked the giant.

"No. The enemy soldiers fled because of your presence," said the princess.

The giant was surprised. "But did you not see how bravely this young man fought an expert warrior and killed him?" asked the giant.

The princess kept quiet. Just then the ministers of Durdham Singh approached Prabhu and said humbly, "There was a prophecy that the young man who would kill our king is to be crowned as his successor. Also, our priest sees in you all the auspicious marks of an ideal ruler. Be pleased to come with us. You shall be enthroned."

"I am willing to marry you," the princess told Prabhu.

"Ha ha!" laughed the giant.

"But I am no longer willing to marry you," said Prabhu.

"Ha ha ha!" the giant laughed again. Then he took leave of Prabhu and the princess and went away.

The vampire paused for a moment and demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, it is Prabhu who had proposed marriage with the



princess. Why then did he back out when the princess herself was ready to marry him? Why did the giant laugh twice? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck!"

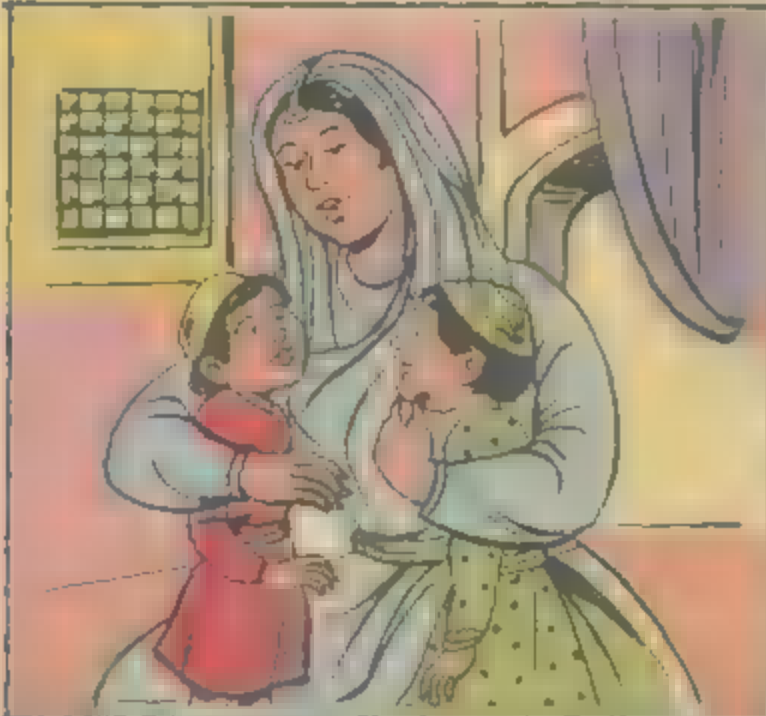
Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Prabhu realised that the princess had not been willing to marry him even after he had fulfilled the condition by killing the enemy king. It is only when it became certain that he was going to be a king, the princess showed her readiness to marry

him. This showed that she was ready to marry the position not the person. That is why Prabhu refused to marry her. The giant laughed the first time because of the dramatic change in the attitude of the princess. He laughed a second time because of the dramatic change in Prabhu's attitude. His first laughter was a laughter with some sarcasm. His second laughter was a laughter of appreciation."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

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A BROTHER INDEED!



Akbar had lost his mother when very young. His nurse breast-fed him along with her own son, Husif. Akbar felt grateful to her.

Akbar became an emperor. But Husif became a loafer, whiling away his time in gambling dens.



"I will give you a house, servants and monthly allowance. What more do you need for your comfort?" asked Akbar. "I want someone like Birbal to amuse me," said Husif.



When Husif grew very miserable, someone advised him to meet Akbar. Husif did so. Akbar was pleased. Husif was made a courtier.



Akbar called Birbal and said, "Husif's mother nourished me with her own milk. Husif is like my brother. Find out someone who must be like your brother, who must speak less but speak sense like you."



Birbal returned home looking very pensive. How can he find another Birbal? Suddenly he heard a bull bellowing in his cowshed. He looked bright.

He led the bull to the emperor. "What is this?" asked the surprised emperor. "My lord, this one is like my brother, for I was nourished by its mother's milk."



"What is more," continued Birbal, "this one speaks very little—only once in a while it bellows. If the listener is wise, he can read a lot of wisdom in that sound."

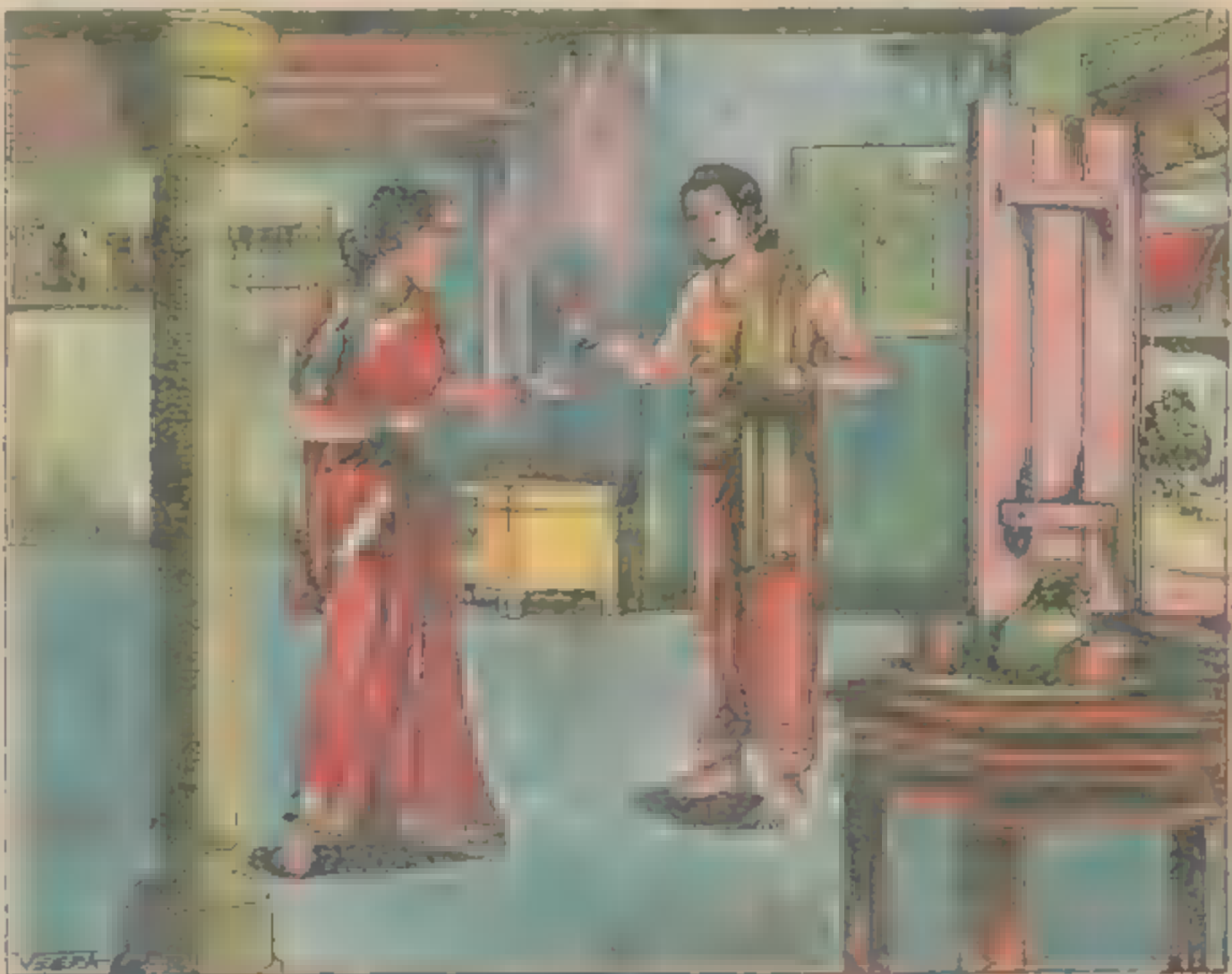
THE STEPMOTHER

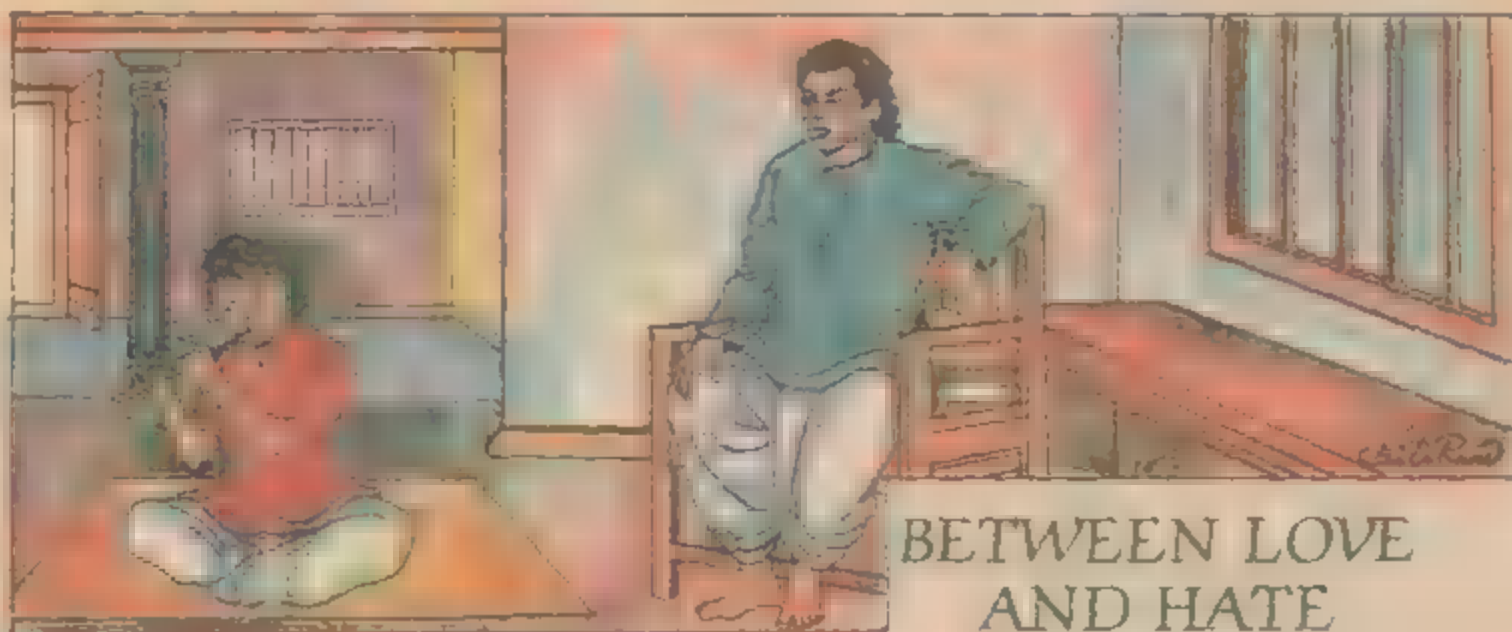
The young Abhay Verma was acclaimed as the greatest dramatist of the kingdom of Rajpur. The king himself congratulated him in a public reception. The play for which he earned such fame was a tragedy. The hero was harassed by his stepmother at every step in his life and that is why he could not do anything worthwhile in life.

But Abhay himself had lost his mother in his childhood and had been brought up by his stepmother with great affection. When he returned home after the reception and touched his stepmother's feet, she asked him, "My son, from what you have written, won't people think that I might have been unjust towards you?"

"Far from that, mother," said Abhay Verma, "my life itself is a proof of the fact that all stepmothers are not the same. My success will tell them that my stepmother has been the best of mothers for me."

The mother smiled and blessed Abhay.





BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE

Kamal came home after completing his studies in the school which was in the town. He had brought a flute with him.

He had a knack for picking up tunes. Once he heard a song or any piece of music, he never forgot its mode. He went on playing different tunes on the flute. But he was very shy and he played the flute only when his father was not at home.

One day he was playing his flute inside the primary school adjacent to his house. It was a Sunday and there was nobody in the school. But his mother had told his father about his great interest in flute-playing. Unknown to him, his father entered the school and sat down and listened to his music. Kamal stopped when he knew that his father was there. But his

father patted him on his back and said, "Kamal, I had a desire to learn music when I was of your age. But circumstances did not allow me to do so. All my help will be with you if you decide to learn music."

Kamal was delighted. Only one young man in the area, Subir, had returned from the town after learning flute-playing. Kamal went to meet him.

"You want to learn flute-playing, do you? My friend, that is not so easy. Do you have any aptitude for music? Can you produce any sound on the flute at all? Let me see!" said Subir very gravely.

Kamal played his flute. Suddenly Subir burst into roaring laughter. Kamal stopped abruptly and looked at Subir nervously.

"Kamal, take my advice. Do anything you like, but do not dream of becoming a flute-player. You are incapable of producing even one note correctly," Subir observed.

Kamal checked his tears and returned home. "Mother," he said showing his flute to her, "please throw this into the oven." Then he broke down.

His mother was surprised. "What happened, my son?" she asked taking hold of the boy. Kamal reported to her what Subir had told him. His father, who was in the next room, heard him and came in. "Kamal," he said, "had you told me that you were going to meet Subir, I would have asked you not to do so. I listened to Subir's flute-playing the other day. I can assure you that what you have

learnt all by yourself is much more than what he has learnt from his master during six months. He is envious of you, that is all."

"In that case, Father, I will give up music to tell everybody that I did so because of Subir's envy," said Kamal.

"You can do so, but first tell me — what is more important for you? Your love for music or your hatred for Subir?" asked his father.

Kamal kept quiet. His father wiped his tears and said, "Don't be childish. Tomorrow I will take you to the town, to a great master in flute. He is known to me. You will become his disciple."

Kamal smiled. In course of time he became one of the greatest flute-players in the country.





SAGA OF NEHRU (7)

Jawaharlal was ultimately set free by the government of the native ~~king~~ of Nabha. But he had caught the typhus germ. He ~~came~~ down with typhoid. But during the illness he had some experience of peace—through aloofness from everything.

M. Mohamad Ali, a highly ~~respected~~ respected nationalist Muslim leader, became the President of the Congress ~~in~~ its Kakinada ~~session~~ session, in 1923. At his insistence, Jawaharlal became the Secretary of the Congress.



Soon after this he had a ~~great~~ kind of experience. It was the time of the Kumbha Mela to take place ~~at~~ Triveni, or the confluence of the Ganga, Yamuna and the invisible Saraswati near Allahabad. It was, as it is ever, a great occasion.



But the government forbade the people from taking bath in Triveni for reasons of safety. Mounted police guarded the place and a fence was erected to stop the people from entering the waters.

The celebrated leader of the people, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, resented the government order. He offered peaceful Satyagraha on the sands, by the side of the fence. Jawaharlal who was there to see the Mela, joined them.



Hours passed. The sun was growing severe; the sands were growing hotter. By afternoon Jawaharlal lost patience. He suddenly climbed on the top of the fence and stood there holding a Congress flag.

Inspired by Jawaharlal hundreds of people climbed the fence. The planks of the fence collapsed. People made dives into the waters. Jawaharlal too plunged into the river. Dr. B.R. Ambedkar too did the same.



At a meeting of the Congress Committee at Ahmedabad, Gandhiji proposed that only those who can produce some self-spun cotton yarn will be eligible for membership of the Congress. Motilal Nehru and Dashbandhu C.R. Das disapproved of this and walked out. Gandhiji withdrew his proposal.

In the Congress session at Belgaum in 1924, Gandhiji was the President. At his insistence, Jawaharlal became the Secretary once again. Gandhiji knew that the Congressmen were developing sincere faith in Jawaharlal.





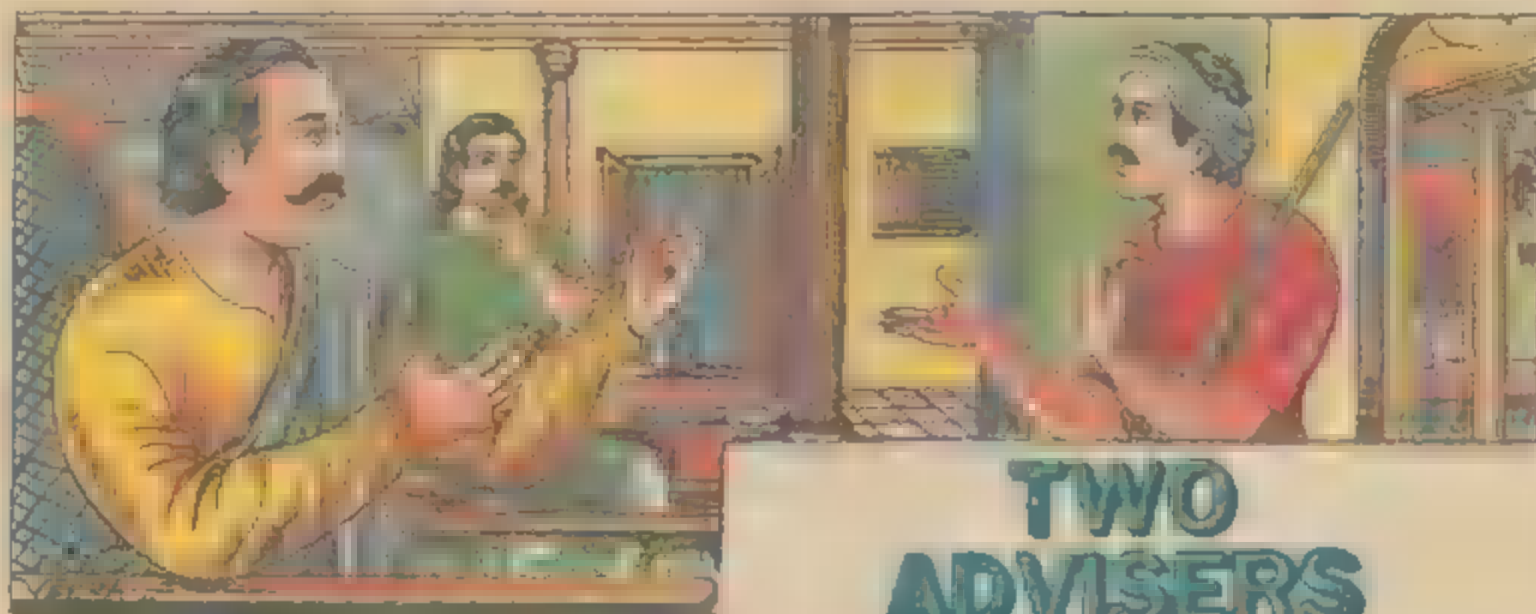
In the summer of 1925 Motilal was down with illness. He, with the family, went to the Himalayas. Jawaharlal joined him there. While at Chamba, they received the news that Deshbandhu Chittaranjan [redacted] had passed away. Father and son went to Calcutta.

In 1924, a communal riot broke out in Allahabad. Jawaharlal [redacted] very much distressed. The Muslims would not like the Hindus to take out processions by the side of their mosques, whereas religious processions [redacted] a part [redacted] the Hindu way of life.



The Hindus, [redacted] a protest, stopped taking out the age-old Ramlila procession. Jawaharlal remembered how as [redacted] child he used to enjoy the Ramlila procession in which he also participated. He felt very sad that lack of small adjustments and understanding should dampen festive spirits!

—To Continue



TWO ADVISERS

Ramdas and Haridas were two brothers. They were the most influential people in the village. The villagers loved them and respected them. The relationship between the two brothers was most ideal.

Often people came to Ramdas, the elder brother, for his guidance in different matters. Ramdas would listen to them with attention and give them the necessary counsel and they would go away happy. Generally nobody went against the advice given by Ramdas.

When Ramdas was not available, villagers consulted Haridas. Haridas too did his best to solve their problems. However, so far as Ramdas's advice was concerned, nobody ever violated it. But so far as Haridas's advice was concerned, sometimes people acted according to it and some-

times they did not.

Haridas marked this. One day he asked Ramdas, "Brother, people follow your advice letter by letter. But the same cannot be said about my advice. Sometimes they follow what I say, sometimes they don't. Is it because I fail to give the correct advice?"

"Not so, Haridas, not so. In fact, I have observed that you give more prudent advice than I do, but I understand the mind of the man who seeks advice better," said Ramdas.

"Will you please explain?" asked Haridas with curiosity.

"Examples will be better than explanation. Let us wait," said Ramdas.

That day, in the evening, a villager named Vimal met Ramdas and said, "Sir, I am faced with a dilemma. As you know,



I live in a dilapidated house. I want to reconstruct the house this year. But my wife insists on marrying our daughter off this year. I do not have the resources to do both the things within one year. My wife agrees that whatever advice you give should be followed. What do you say, Sir?"

"How old is your daughter?" asked Ramdas.

"She has crossed her Sixteenth year, Sir."

"Have you found any match for her?"

"Not yet, sir. I have to look for a suitable match."

Ramdas kept silent for a moment. Then he said, "Look here, Vimal, it is important that

you should rebuild your house this year. First of all, your daughter has not become old enough for you to worry about a match for her. Secondly, the wedding ceremony should take place in a better house than the one you have now. Thirdly, once you rebuild the house, you can raise money, if necessary, against the house as security. Meanwhile keep looking for a suitable match for your daughter."

"Thank you very much, Sir. That is what I will do," said Vimal with satisfaction and he went away.

Next day another villager named Sarveshwar came to Ramdas. "Sir, I wish to celebrate the first death anniversary of my father in an elaborate way, so that the villagers will remember it forever. I don't have enough money for the purpose, but I am thinking of selling two of my bullocks. My wife also agrees with me. What do you say, Sir?"

"Go ahead," said Ramdas.

"Thank you, Sir," said Sarveshwar. "You always give sound advice," he added before leaving.

"Brother, should he sell bullocks for feeding people?" asked Haridas.

Ramdas smiled. "Look here,



Hari, there are two kinds of people who come to seek advice. The first kind of people are those who really cannot come to a decision when a problem arises. Then there are people of the other kind. They have already made up their minds as to what they should do. All that they want is our support. Vimal belonged to the first kind, Sarveshwar to the second. I too felt that it was not prudent on Sarveshwar's part to sell his bullocks to feed the villagers. But not only he and his wife had decided to do so, but also it was

a sentimental affair with him. He wanted to establish the fact that he loved his father; he respects the father's memory. We have to be very careful where sentiments are concerned," explained Ramdas. "Sarveshwar would have done what he was going to do even if I had advised him not to do it," he added.

"Why then did he seek your advice?" asked Haridas.

"More out of habit and courtesy, than anything else" replied Ramdas.

Haridas appreciated his brother's wisdom.

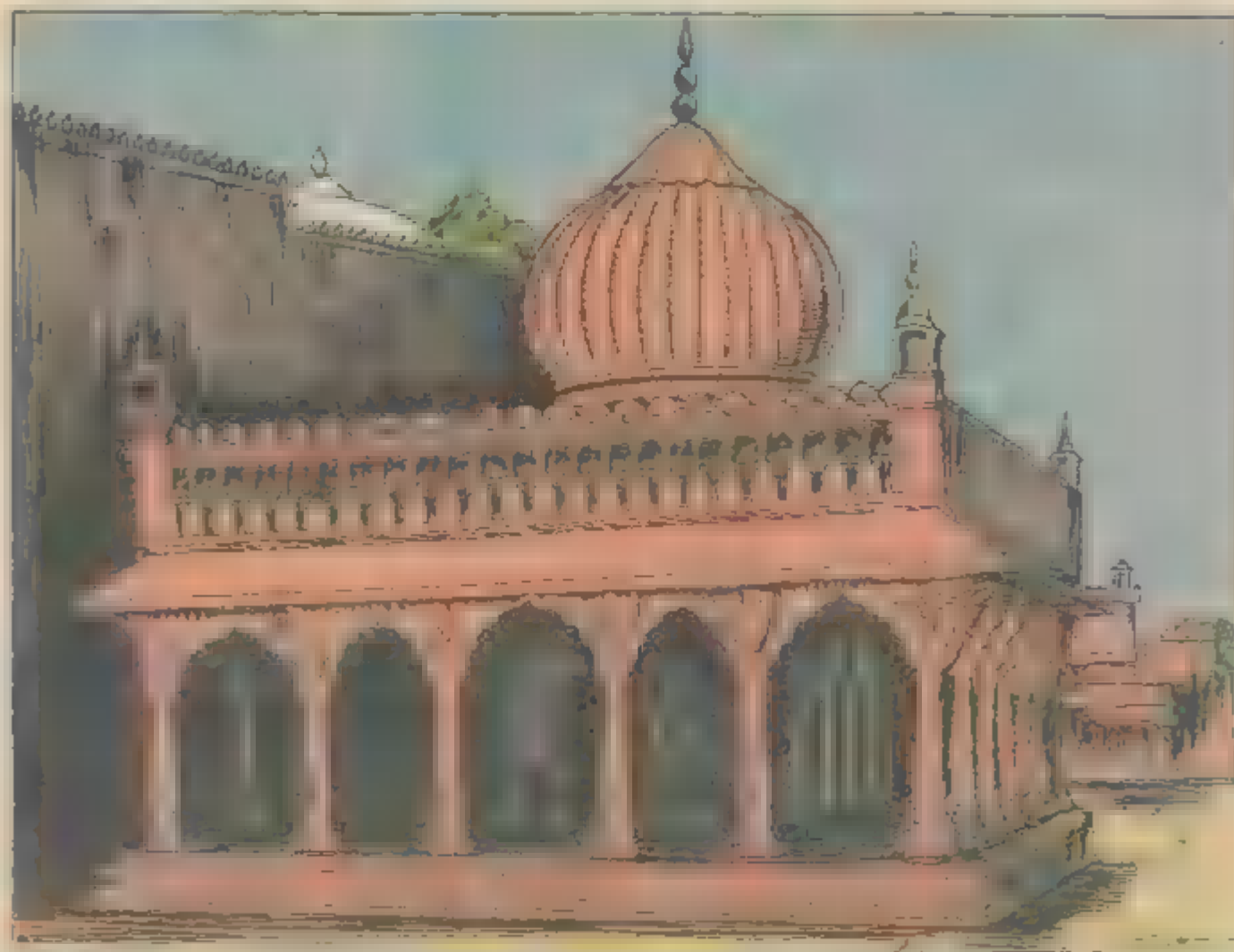
TIME GILDS WITH GOLD

"Has some misfortune fallen to your lot?
This, too, will pass away; absorb the thought,
And wait—your waiting will not be in vain,
Time gilds with gold the iron links of pain.
The dark today leads into light tomorrow;
There is no endless joy, no endless sorrow."

—E. M. Wilcox

HAZRAT NIZAMUDDIN

Nizamuddin Aulia (1256-1347) was a Sufi saint who lived in Delhi during the time of Sultan Nasiruddin. His memory is perpetuated through a magnificent mosque near his tomb. This is a place of pilgrimage as well as a monument of attraction for all. Close by is the tomb of Jahanara, the devoted daughter of Shah Jahan. The tomb of the great Urdu poet, Mirza Ghalib, too is here.



And the Winner Was a Crane

Kalyani the young female crow sat on the mango tree and sighed. She was very unhappy. She had just heard some people praising the peacock, the parrot, the oriole, the swan and even the crane with its long legs, for their charm. They never made a mention of her.

She looked at her reflection in the water and wept. Was she ugly? "Black like cinder with a rasping voice," — that is how some passer-by had said looking

at her the other day. At that time she did not realise that the fellow referred to her.

Suddenly, she saw the crane dive into the lake and come out. In a few minutes the crane dived once again. Kalyani could not believe her eyes. No wonder the crane is like milk in colour. All that bathing must have run the black out of him, she concluded.

Kalyani decided to do like the crane. She flew to the lake and dived in. She came up to the



surface gasping for breath. But she did not give up. She dived again and again until she grew benumbed. She flew back to her tree shivering with cold, feeling miserable.

What is worse, there had not been even a slight change in her appearance.

She sat with her head tucked in her chest trying to warm herself when she heard the wise voice of Moopan the owl, call from his hole in the tree.

"Kalyani," he said, "you foolish girl, no matter how much you bathe or whatever you do, you will not become like the crane. But why do you want to look like the crane? Aren't you happy being a crow? Tell me, which other bird do the people of this world respect so much? Don't they think of you as the souls of their ancestors? Be happy as you

are."

"But a man said that I was ugly!" complained the crow.

"The other day I heard two wild boars saying that the funniest creature they have ever known is man. Man is neither a monkey nor a donkey! That is what they said! Dear Kalyani, every creature has his own point of view. Why do you think the attitude of some human beings to be the correct attitude?" asked the owl.

Kalyani felt much better at the owl's wise words. Next day she heard a loud cawing from a nearby tree. A handsome male crow was singing to her.

When they were married, he told her that she was the most beautiful crow he had ever seen and she had the sweetest voice he had ever heard.

— Anita Nair.



MEROPS' SON

Sujit Chowdhury, a lecturer in Calcutta college asks, "Can you tell me what *Merops' son* means? I was in London recently. In a local journal I read a comment about my favourite leader describing him as *Merops' son*. In my dictionary (a voluminous one), I find that Merops means 'the bee-eater genus; a bird of the bee-eater family.' I cannot link this to the comment stated."

The word Mr. Chowdhury found in the dictionary is not related to the word in the phrase. The phrase makes an allusion to Phaeton, the son of Merops. (According to some legends he was the son of Phoebus, the Sun-god.) One day, when promised by the Sun-god that he will be given anything he wanted, Phaeton desired to have the Sun-god's chariot for a day. The Sun-god warned him against his fancy, for he would not know how to drive it. But Phaeton insisted on having the chariot. But soon he began driving it, the flying horses of the chariot ran amuck. As a result the earth and the heavens caught fire at different places. It was a crisis. Phaeton did not know what to do. The fire resulted in reducing large areas of Africa into deserts.

At last Jupiter struck Phaeton with his thunder-bolt. Phaeton fell into the river Po, dead. The chariot returned to the Sun-god.

Is it clear what the phrase means? It is not a compliment to describe someone as Merops' Son, for this implies the man's inability to achieve what he thinks he can achieve. In other words, *Merops' Son* is a vainglorious, audacious man, who thinks that he can set the world's disorders right, but fails to do anything worthwhile.



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LET US KNOW

Who was the emissary from England to visit the court of Emperor Jahangir?

—*Girish R.K.,
Gulbarga.*

Captain William Hawkins, who reached India leading a party by the ship *Hector*, brought a letter to Emperor Jahangir from King James I. He represented the interests of the East India Company. He lived in his court till 1611.

A second emissary from King James I, Sir Thomas Roe, met Jahangir in 1615. He was in India till 1619. Both were received well by the Mughal ruler.

Do flying saucers really exist?

—*Syed Anwar,
Hyderabad.*

The phenomenon known as the flying saucers do exist. The evidence of so many people who have seen them so many times cannot be dismissed as figments of imagination. But what are they really? That is the question which has not yet been answered in a way acceptable to all.

Who were the Mughal rulers in succession after Aurangzeb?

—*D. K. Mehta,
Bombay.*

Bahadur Shah I or Shah Alam I (1707-12), Jahandar Shah (1712-13), Farruksiyar (1713-19), Rafid-ud-Darajat (1719), Rafi-ud-Daulat (1719), Nekusiyar (1719), Ibrahim (1719), Muhammad Shah (1719-48), Ahmad Shah (1748-54), Alamgir II (1754-59), Shah Alam II (1759-1806), Akbar II (1806-37) and Bahadur Shah II (1837-58).



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PICKS FROM THE WISE

As one thinks does one become.

—Sri Ramakrishna

Right self-control will a man to heaven; the lack of it will lead to darkest night.

—Tirukkural

If he is a slave his passions and desires, he cannot the pure joy of freedom.

—Vivekananda



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